

THE WAR CRY

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

15th Year, No. 7.

WILLIAM BOOTH,
General.

TORONTO, NOVEMBER 12, 1898.

EVANGELINE BOOTH,
Commissioner.

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"Must Jesus bear the Cross alone,
And all the world go free?"

No, there's a cross for everyone,
And there's a cross for ME."



now in different ways,
and all I hardly would
here I spent my convert

Chorus.
memories of my convert

not always,

in a spot to me dear,

here I spent my convert

o wept when I knew

for many a year,

who led me to Cal-

the town too, I fear,

return to that blest

deep emotion betrays

my life's changes I never

here I spent my convert

land that I never have

in far distant sea

my memory that ever

earthly pleasure to me

or shin the Lord took

my many delays,

from the Cross sinners

sin here I spent my convert

the cradle of the deep

J.J. 99.

the Cross I feel

elt from God but hell;

the Blood I sought;

my Saviour bought.

chorus.

is Blood for me,

in my sin he free,

he proved its cleansing

this very hour.

sin I felt,

in and guilt,

to deep despair;

said, "Child, why

r?"

It as the gift

o, my sin to lift,

lost his power,

by grace from hour to

do salvation.

gospel bells,

any a nation,

is everywhere,

Army of Salvation,

we love so dear,

and our glorious

our Saviour's name,

3 bl'nt Army

again.

chorus.

my drum,

glad news to all;

in the sun,

the Saviour call,

praising Jesus,

my drum,

retched sinners,

own in sin,

saved and marching

links to-day,

God's service,

watch and pray,

Trumpeter Howell.

I bring the scent of
on the footlights. It
a drama on the
of England saying in
ye. Unless we can
e of Christ and Cal-
and work, it is no use
for God and the
er Nicol.

Official Gazette of the
published by John
A. Printing House,
Toronto.

Bliss and Blister.

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

Cowardice is the greatest giver of aims.

A waste of time makes a want of eternity.

Heaven seems high to him who is descending.

Don't ring the bell of prayer and run away—waltz.

A ton of pain is lighter than an ounce of shame.

Make your character like your Master's coat—seamless.

Prejudice is a more dangerous enemy to Truth than falsehood.

To correct one's style means to correct one's thought—nothing else.

Truth never yet proved fatal to any one; there are too many antidotes.

Christianity is not a kind of lofty sentimentalism; it is practical work.

The virtue of paganism was strength; the virtue of Christianity is obedience.

To owe gratitude oppresses a coarse nature; to receive it oppresses a fine one.

There is not enough religion in the world to admit of the annihilation of religions.

Not when it is dangerous to tell the truth will she lack a prophet, but only when it is tiresome.

For many natures it is as much a trouble of cleanliness to change opinions as to change clothes.

Tribulation and sorrow are the only convincing agents that will whitewash the robes of God's people.

We would probably find our cloesest just as hard to bear were we permitted to select them ourselves.

You may birch the Scriptures into a boy, but you won't make him a scoundrel. The Scriptures as a man.

Some people's religion is like Moses—you never know they have it until something warms them up.

When a sermon is driven home, it drives the hearer away from home to preach the Gospel to others.

The man who makes broad his phylacteries will never get enough out of it to pay for the stuff he puts in them.

"Christianity applied" is the only thing that will bring salvation and set the halldujah chorus rolling around the world.

"My conscience is my crown; Contented thoughts my rest; My heart is happy in itself; My bliss is in my breast." —Robert Southwell.

MY PRIDE.

By CAPT. THORKILDSON.

Looking over my former career as a man in the world, there certainly was nothing to be proud of. Still, as a proud and haughty soul I kept on for many a dark and dreary day, holding on to what was false, and excusing myself from what was right and true. But all my pride could not keep out contentment, and held me from thinking under the load which condemnation brought, till I lost courage to shake off the chains of habit and vice. On the other hand, it hindered me, by bringing in fear of coming into collision with the customs and opinions of the world, and so I took step by step the voice of God and my own conscience and reason, told me to take. And after taking that step, fear of appearing foolish kept me for a long time, from doing things I should have done, and out of blessings I otherwise may have enjoyed.

Of course, by leaving our all for God's sake, we may look foolish to the people who can not or will not look above material things, but fear of appearance, when we know we are right, does not come except our pride leads us to seek some selfish vain glory. I

Sunday, November 20th, to Saturday, November 26th.

What will **YOU** do to Help?

know that while in and of the world, trying to drink of wells without water, looking to emptiness itself for my fulness, and trusting in things that would sink and perish with myself.

I was a Fool.

Since I turned to the Lord, and commenced to drink of the water of life freely, I have been told plainly that I was very foolish. But to-day I can say, that as many times as I can count to ten, I will be considered a fool and simpleton, with the power and peace and joy of the everlasting God in my soul, than he, and know to be, an empty, dissatisfied, pleasure-seeking, worldly fool, as before. Walking up town the other day, I saw a young man staggering along ahead of me talking to himself and cursing as he went on. Overtaking him, he noticed me, and seeing that I was a Salvationist, he started to talk. His words are not fit to be put on paper, but I can repeat in his own words, to tell me all about his misery, and at last he said:

"Sometimes I feel I would like to be a Christian, but I would never, never, never walk the streets with the Salvation Army; no, not for fifty dollars."

And I said, "Too proud, of course. I might have said that I would not walk the streets with anybody in the condition he was, for ten times fifty dollars, but I did not. To-day I do praise God because I am not like other men, but I do praise Him that the pride that stopped me from being a praying man, and kept me a-going, as a drunken, cursing man, is dead and all gone."

Self-Development by Self-Sacrifice.

Looking out for one's self is poor business. Forgetting one's self in the pursuit of whatever is worth living for, or worth dying for, is very good business. He who spoke as never man spoke said that "whoever shall seek to gain his life shall lose it; but whoever shall lose his life shall preserve it." This truth needs saying over and over again, because it is contrary to the wisdom of the world, which it is in accord with the wisdom which God gave to the well-known woman, who ought to know better, and, indeed, whose life has shown that she does know better, has recently said, "Put it down in capital letters that self-development is a higher duty than self-sacrifice." Yet it is written in the well-known art of living, right all along the centuries, that the true mode of self-development is self-sacrifice. Whoever would attain to manhood or true womanhood must be ever ready to sacrifice self in order to develop others and to honor God.—S. T.

"NOW THAT YOU DON'T WANT ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS, AND JEWELRY, AND FINERY WITH WHICH TO ADORN YOURSELF, YOU CAN AFFORD TO HELP US IN THE EXPENSE INCURRED IN DECKING OUR SAVIOUR'S CROWN WITH STARS FOR EVER."—Commissioner Ralston.

"YES, this sin which has sent me weary-hearted to bed and desperate in heart to morning work, that has made my plans miscarry until I am a coward, that cuts me off from prayer, that robs the sky of blueness and the earth of spring time, and the air of freshness, and human faces of friendliness—this blasting sin which perhaps has made my bed in Hell for me so long—this can be conquered. I do not say annihilated, but better than conquered, captured and transfigured into a friend: so that I at last shall say "My temptation has become my strength; for to the very fight I owe my force."

and over again. She resolved at last she would go again on the following Sunday evening. She went, but kept well back where the officer could not see her, but the truth found her out, and at the close of the meeting, she, with several others, knelt at the pentent fount. God heard her cry and set her free.

She returned to her father full of joy, and told him she would stay in Hartlepool now, as she had found what her soul needed (salvation). She joined the corps and began to work for God, and soon that she had won many others over to Christ, and I heard last summer that she was still satisfied and working for the salvation of others.

Wm. B.

[SHORT STORY.]
THE SHIP CAPTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

From an Old F. O. S. Note Book.

EST HARTLEPOOL, on the East Coast of England, is not without its history, as far as the Salvation Army goes. Vessels of all sorts and sizes, go in and out of its harbor, bringing all sorts of cargos and people. One Saturday morning, in November, 1880, a fine vessel came in from Spain.

The Captain was a widower and on his vessel was a bright girl of twenty summers, who was the Captain's daughter, and the Captain's idol. Whenever her father went, she went, and she had a mind to make her wants known to have them supplied. But between wants and needs there is often a wide difference. Edith, as we shall call her, had visited and seen all the ports of the world; she was dressed in the latest and most costly fashion, but still her heart was human and that is something more. Travelling and dressing, and dancing, and being flattered by the world could not satisfy the inward cryings of the soul, for it is written, "Whosoever drinketh of THIS water shall thirst again, but whosoever drinketh of the water I shall give him shall never thirst."

The next day, after her arrival at West Hartlepool, Edith took a walk up the town to pass away the weary hours of Sunday. Near the Theatre Royal she heard singing, and stopped to listen.

"I need Thee, oh, I need Thee, Every hour I need Thee, Oh, bless me now, my Saviour, I come to Thee."

were the words the Salvation Army were singing. Edith asked herself the question, "I wonder what's what I need?" She entered the door, and the Captain said, "No, miss, below, miss; try the rear gallery." She did so, and found a good seat. There were nearly two thousand people in the hall, mostly working men and their wives, but how free they seemed, very different to any place of worship I had ever attended. I saw now they sang! There she got up at the Captain's bidding to tell what God had done for him—how he went at it, till the prostration rolled off his face; then he pulled off his coat and went on, while "Hallelujah!" and "Amen!" made the theater ring! After that the Captain said he would read the first three verses from the second chapter of Hebrews. While he read and spoke, the truth came to her heart and she felt sure the Captain was talking straight at her, and that several times he went so far as to point at her. As soon as the prayer meeting began, she got up and went home, but do as she would she could not get that Sunday's meeting from her mind.

"I need Thee, oh, I need Thee," would ring in her ears, and that question that was asked in the three verses the Captain read.

How Shall we Escape if we Neglect so Great a Salvation?

would force itself upon her mind over

S.-D. Crackers.

Self-Denial is essential to success in the Salvation War.—The General.

Most men are slaves to their appetite, and can scarce deny anything to the flesh, and are therefore willingly carried by it to their sports, or pride, or vain companions.—Buxton's Sains' Rest.

In Holland a Captain, during the Self-Denial Week, spent her time nursing cholera victims. When the doctor asked her what she was doing with the patients, he sent for assistance at once to the Salvation Army, believing that we are always ready to help.

A corps' captain, making a Self-Denial collection in the open-air meetings, the master of a steamer stepped up to him and said, "Captain, I am a poor, hard-working woman, and have not much, but if you will accept these two shillings, I shall be pleased."

A man who lived in the same house with one of our French soldiers, came to his side one night in a state of intoxication, and with him a woman. When the doctor asked him what he was doing with the patients, he said, "I am going to drink another pint, when suddenly the thought came to me that this was your Self-Denial, and I decided I had better give this money to you for your work."

Mind, no one can refuse self-denial without taking the consequences. To visit the sick and the prisoners, to feed the hungry and comfort the sick, to do all these are acts of self-denial, and my Bible tells me of a crowd who went to hell charged with the offence of not doing these things. But still many who are doing them will go to the same place as those that are not.

William Carey counted it a joy to deny himself for the poor Indians. Here is what he wrote on one occasion:

"I have not been dry day nor night from the third day of the week to the sixth, but have travelled from place to place in that condition, and at night I put on my coat and write my sketches and on with them again, and so continue. But," he adds, "God steps in and helps me."

I repeat, there is no happiness in having or getting, but only in giving. And half the world is on the wrong side in the pursuit of happiness. They think happiness in having and getting, and in being served by others. It consists in giving and serving others. "He that would be great among you," said Christ, "let him serve." Is that would be happy, let him remember that there is but one way—it is more blessed, it is more happy to give than to receive.—Drummond.

If you will give anything, give bountifully; take your hands full, as if you were sowing like the poor widow with her two mites, which she sowed freely enough. It was her simple offering. But the rich ones were not so liberal, but covetously offered only what they could spare very well. Is it not said we should sow? Now seedmen sow with hands full, and so should we. What we do to our neighbor, is the same as if we were done to God Himself. If done in faith and love.—Dogatky's Golden Treasury.

The whole Bible is an inventory of the things that are freely given to us, and yet we cannot reckon our wealth, for "all things are yours." Possessing the one unspeakable gift, Jesus Christ Himself, "I beseech all men."

"Every man hath received the gift, even the same." How will you do this? Can you make it a matter of shillings or pounds, or dollars and cents? Is that what you have received? Is that as you have received? Will you not say "I will freely sacrifice with Thee?" Sac-tille! What? Francis Reddy Haugavel.

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Wm. B.

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LAMENTATIONS

Of Ex-Sergeant Demas Over Self-Denial Week.

A CONVERSATION BETWEEN DEMAS AND A STRANGER.

BY THE GENERAL

Stranger: Well, Sergeant, I am glad to see you again. How are you? And how are your dear Friends, the Salvationists, going on? I haven't forgotten the happy night I spent with them the last time I was with you, nor lost the blessing I received in my soul at that meeting. I shall always remember it for your introduction. I want to know more about them. I hope they are as hot as ever, for I am as I ever was in warming up.

Demas: Well, yes, I remember the occasion to which you referred very well, a good meeting. They used to have very lively times at the old barracks, but I don't think they are doing so well now, I haven't been up lately.

An Awkward Reminder.

Stranger: Why, Sergeant? What is the matter? What is it was before? Your wife told me that she was keeping you away, and that she was afraid you were neglecting your business for the meetings, and you will remember she laughingly suggested you should have a trundle bed underneath the platform, have your men brought up, and stay there altogether.

Demas: Yes, I confess that I was very much taken up with the Army in those days; but my views have undergone a change since then, and I see things now in quite a different light, and I feel it my duty to draw off a little.

Stranger: Surely you are not throwing them up? But I see that you haven't got the tricolor ribbon on your coat as you had before, and I do not see the "Grace before Meat" Box on your counter, and there were the signs of the Army telling what is going on at the barracks—surely you have not deserted your old friends?

Sergeant: Well, no—not exactly. I think they still have my name on the roll, and the Captain has downed about every other day bothering me about going to the meetings; but, to tell the truth, they don't do things altogether in a way I approve of—in fact, there has been a great deal going on there for a long time, which I only try to stop, but I have to give in for a while, but at last I took my stand, and unless they alter what they won't see any more of me or of my money.

Stranger: Come, this is a sudden change! It cannot be more than six months since I was here, and you were frantically in love with the Army from top to bottom. General, the officers, and the way they do things; in fact, don't you remember recommending me to go home and get our Sot. to turned into a Corps, the Church into a Barracks, and make our Minister Captain, and then offer the whole lot to the God?

Sergeant: Yes! I talked some random stuff then I guess, as I have often done since; but those are not my sentiments to-day.

Stranger: Well, random or not, you have evidently been backsliding a bit, going down to Lodoea, as the Captain called it at that wonderful meeting. But what is the real reason of this alteration?

The Collection Obligation.

Sergeant: Well, to tell you the truth, the chief thing that made me like the Army was the everlasting bengal fires, the great give, from morning till night; never a meeting indoors or out, without a Collection, and sometimes more than one. Juniors, or Social, or Quarterly, or Foreign, or something with the rest of it.

Stranger: Well, I suppose they cannot stay on the Corps without money, to say nothing about the great work that the Army is admittedly doing up and down the world. The Captain and the Treasurer and the rest of them did not put the money into the pockets of the poor, did they?

Sergeant: Oh, no! They paid it away, I suppose, in Officers' Salaries, Rent of Barracks, Gas, and the other things for which they begged it.

Stranger: Just so! And I expect you had a fair share of the service of the Captains, and the rest of the barracks and other things? And you

know you said when I was here that you got your soul saved in the dear old place, and your wife also, and one of the children, and that the Officers worked like galley slaves, and there were four or five hundred of them in your Corps than any place of worship in town. Come, now—you had a good pull out of the affair, and you ought not to be helping to pay the expenses.

Sergeant: Well, yes! There is something in that; but then, you see, there was so much of it, and you can have too much of a good thing, can you not?

A Simple Sum in Addition.

Sergeant: But I might ask you to put down what you think the saving of your soul was worth, and to add to it the value of the souls of the Millions and the boy, and then the value of keeping you all saved. And then I might ask you to total up the amount, and then calculate what you thought you had paid as much as it would come to. But I won't pursue that line of argument, but ask is that the only reason you have to give for leaving your friends to fight the battle without you?

Sergeant: Well, that is not quite all. It is the Self-Denial Effort, as they call it, that they have just commenced, that was the last feather, and I said as soon as it was mentioned that I could stand it no longer. I had my fill of that affair last year.

Stranger: Self-Denial Effort? Will you please explain what that is? It is an Institution I have heard of before, I do not know much about the Army, as I said at the beginning, and I shall be glad if you will give me a little information.

What is Self-Denial Week?

Sergeant: Well, you see, a week is set aside by the General in which the Soldiers of the Army in every part of the world make a special effort to raise money for the War. But I am expected to give all they possibly can out of their earnings, and if they have any savings they must bring some of them out. And more than that, if they have any clothes they can do without, any jewels, any fine jewelry, or the like, in the same way, that would fetch money, they must sell them. And then they are expected to cut down their living expenses—do with plainer food and generally deny themselves of all luxuries for that one week especially, and send the money they have to their fund. Then they all start to work beginning right and left, at their relatives and neighbors, and one way or another they get together a very respectable sum of money.

Stranger: Well, I am sure that sounds excellent! All at once, and all at it in different ways, and all at it the week, during the week, and giving the money to help their Saviour—that must be good. But do they do anything else besides gather money?

Sergeant: Oh, yes. They fast and pray, and hunt up the backsliders. I suppose they will put me down as one of them for not being weak and not being a backslider, morning, noon, and night, and they have special meetings for days before, early and late. I must confess that there was last year a great stirring up of the soldiers, and the Captain said that there was a great deal of good done.

What is Done with the S.-D. Money?

Stranger: You interest me very much. I must know more about this plan, and lay it before our Clergyman on my return, and see if I cannot persuade him to do something like it. Now, pray tell me what do they do with the money they raise in this manner? I suppose you object to it because you think that would not be right, but I am sure that the Army is doing something that will nearly equal the expectations of those about him.

Stranger: What amount did your Corps raise last year?

Sergeant: Well, you see, our Corps has about 1000 Soldiers, and they raised about £5000. That is a large sum for a few poor people to have to get together.

Stranger: Yes, so it is. Did you contribute all that sum yourselves?

Sergeant: No, not exactly. There are a few people round about us who are in sympathy with the effort. They won't give us anything at any other

time of the year, but they say when they are in doing so much in the self-sacrificing way—every man, woman and child denying themselves—that they cannot but for shame assist us, and I think the amount they contributed was £50.

Stranger: Well, was not the object, by your own confession, worthy of the struggle they made?

Porridge and Potatoes with Thanks

Sergeant: Oh, yes, I must say it was, and I think everybody else thought so, but it was the way the Officers pushed the thing on the Soldiers, and urged them to without any regard to almost the very necessities of life. For instance, our Captain told the people one day that he thought that if they lived on porridge and potatoes just for one week, and gave the Lord the money they saved, they would be more than half a million. But he was going to do it himself. Indeed, they went to such a pass in this direction that it was like interfering with your free agency, and it kind of made people give whether they would or not, and it is that compulsion that I object to.

Stranger: Well, was anyone hurt by the effort? Do you know any Soldier or anyone else who suffered from the fasting. Did anyone die over it, and the Jury bring in a verdict of "Died through living an entire week on porridge and potatoes?"

Sergeant: Oh, dear, no! I don't think anything of the kind—I believe no one was even injured—still there it was, and it must appear to any sensible person to be an unjustifiable interference with the rights of the subject to do such a thing, without any right in connection with Religion, especially when it is plainly stated that they would be expected to bring the amount of the savings effected into the funds.

Nobody the Worse.

Sergeant: I do not see it at all; in fact, the whole scheme, so far as you have explained it, pretty nearly appears to me most admirable, and I sincerely hope to go back and persuade our Clergyman to get up a Self-Denial Week, but we must call it by another name, or else they will say we are imitating the Salvation Army. But before I shall bandy with you, let me just my question a little further, for I want to be satisfied on this aspect, or the question. Did you suffer then, or at any other time, has your wife or your son, or anybody else you know, sustained any loss in body, soul or spirit, in sickness or in any other way, in consequence of anything they did or gave, or any sacrifice they made for the saving of the lost and helping the poor and the wretched?

Sergeant: I cannot say they have.

I am sure I did not myself. Stranger: Then let me ask you one more question. Suppose you were to commence from this moment, and continue to the end of your life, if it lasted a hundred years to deny yourself of all the comforts and luxuries of existence, toiling night and day without cessation, saving every penny of what you earn, and supposing at the end of that time you were to lay it all at your Master's feet to help Him save the millions now living in poverty, wallowing in sin, dying in despair and perishing forever, would it be too much to give Him for all He has done for you?

Demas Penitent.

Sergeant: No, certainly not, and I begin to feel very miserable and ashamed of my grumbling and dissatisfaction.

Sergeant: And well you may. Sergeant: I am very much ashamed of you myself, and if I may give you a bit of advice, as you have given me a good deal, I recommend you to go up to your old friends at the barracks and go down at the Peasant Form at the very next meeting, and confess to God before your comrades your backsliding and selfishness, and again offer yourself and all you possess to live, suffer, and sacrifice. I know I shall give you the great privilege of doing so, and then get the Captain to let all the Soldiers join you in singing,

"Dear Saviour, how can I repay.
The mighty debt I owe Thee.
Here, Lord, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do."

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

THE WAR CRY.

Great Britain.

The General visited Glasgow last Friday, Saturday and Sunday, and has seen signs of remarkable power with sweeping baptisms of love. Col. Lawley reports enthusiastically upon all meetings, and sums up the immediate results of this meeting with 243 souls at the penitent form.

Many of the London newspapers have given interesting sketches of the Army's work among the Hooligans.

The Chief-of-the-Staff has opened his Winter Campaign by meeting 250 London Corps Cadets, and treating them to one of his intensely practical talks.

Mr. Bramwell Booth also conducted a Young People's Campaign at Manchester. About 350 young people, including their own, were from different parts of Lancashire to unite with their Manchester comrades in enjoying the Chief's meetings. 113 were out for cleansing, and 85 Candidates were the immediate results of this campaign.

The charge of obstruction brought against our officers in Nottingham has been up for trial and has ended in a complete victory for the Army.

United States.

At Columbus, Ind., two officers were arrested for holding open-air meetings, but the mayor released them upon their own recognizance, without bond. The papers add that the same evening a prize fight was held that made enough noise to drown the Salvation Army meeting and drum, but the fight was permitted.

The Consul successfully launched the Philadelphia Rescue Campaign by special services in two well-known churches of the Quaker City.

The Commander has just opened the fourth American Shelter at Cincinnati. The building is supplied with 75 beds and is a great credit to the Army.

251 persons applied in one month at the New York Labor Bureau, 150 of whom were found positions.

Italy.

The first officer in Italy who came out from amongst the Italians has been promoted to Glory. His name was Lieut. Giannetti, and he came out of Florence corps. He has done one very good work in Italy, and was much beloved by all who knew him. His last work consisted in walking from village to village selling War Crys. In fact, acting as a Salvation colporteur. His last march of this description was from Florence to Verona, where he again took ill with what proved to be typhoid fever. Brigadier Cliburn visited him before his death, when he gave a clear and happy testimony.

Australasia.

The General is expected to visit Australia next February.

Adelaide, which is the Army's Australian birthplace, has a new barracks. Outside the Territorial Headquarters, Melbourne, the new block of buildings is the most imposing, commanding and by far the most valuable of any single Army property in Australia.

New Homes in connection with the Rescue Work are being opened at Charters Towers and Broken Hill.

A large crowd of Christian Endeavorers, some hundreds strong, attending their annual convention, visited some of our Melbourne Social Institutions. They were more than delighted with what they saw.

The Commandant's Self-Denial Sunday at Bendigo, scored close on £250 for the day.

The Commandant is hard pressed at the office with mighty problems, but he is finding time to visit at week-ends, some of the camps both in Victoria and New South Wales, Albury, Goulburn, Bendigo, Echuca and Kyneton, being so favored. The Castlemaine "go" was

a tremendous success, and the lecture, illustrated by lime light, is to be repeated at each of the centres named.

During the early part of this month New Zealand will mark the opening of three new barracks built according to our own plans and specifications—viz.: Gisborne, Waipawa and Wangani.

The Commandant's series of lectures at the Training Home are being much relished by the coming officers.

"YES, YOU MUST DO IT, YOU MUST LOSE SOMETHING FOR HIM, DENY SOMETHING FOR HIS SAKE, TAKE UP THE BURDEN OF THE CROSS—THAT IS, THE BURDEN OF SUFFERING FOR SINNERS—AND GO AFTER HIM"—The Chief-of-the-Staff.

"Desert the Ship?—Never!"

[At the burial of the late Brigadier John Read, Commissioner Read, in his address, remarked that during a period of storm and strife in Canada, Brigadier and Mrs. Read stepped into his office one morning and said: "Commissioner, we just want to say that when the old ship rocks we'll stand by to steady her, but never desert her—NEVER!"]

The black and sullen waters of life's ocean rose and fell; There were forms of struggling swimmers borne upon its glassy swell; And their shrieks of pain and terror rent the dark clouds and the skies As they strove, and battled fiercely, their dying agonies. Up to the great Creator, up to the Courts of Heaven. Rose His creatures' cries of anguish, whom to save His Son was given. And His heart was moved with pity for those souls upon the wave, So He launched a noble vessel there to rescue and to save. She was named *Salvation Army*, fashioned large and trim and true, Strong of faith, and stout of heart, with her captain and her crew; And to save the struggling swimmers all resolved to dare and do.

Though the winds may roar, and the waters rage, with vain endeavor they storm. Not a fear have we, of the rage of the sea, while rescuing souls from harm. The ship may rock, and the lightnings shock—her cables too may sever, We'll stand by to steady her then, but never DESERT her—NEVER!

The demons of the pit, fierce in conclave met and swore Destruction to the vessel, she should rescue souls no more. So they loosened every storm-fend from the caverns of despair, and their passionate disportings, howls and shriekings filled the air. Then they freed the crashing thunders; hurled the lightning's searching flash; Drove the long and heaving billows; made them burst with murderous crash High o'er the billowy vessel, strong in their might; While the foam waves roared white the blackness of the night. A gallant combat with the storm the good ship does maintain. Her straining timbers start and her tall masts tremble as with pain: But the One who did create her holds her safely in His grip. And her hell-raised storm or cyclone can wreck or sink that ship: So the bailed storm-fends downwards to their caves prisons slip.

The thus defeated demons next in conclave did agree To sink the ship *Salvation*, whilst on a summer sea, By hidden sands and rocks, slight sunken banks the simmering wave, So what weathered storms, 'neath sunny skies should find a watery grave. The sun shone forth in summer day; the balmy breezes blew. A peacefulness was all around, and languid were the crew. With sails full spread, and rocks ahead, the ship in danger speeds. Can she sail no more?—she might be saved, unless God intercedes? God does—this wonder-clad peals out; the sky is overcast; A small blow hard; the breakers roar; to their posts the crew spring fast. "Boat ship!" rings out, her course is changed, and all the danger past.

A sad, yet joyful company stand by the vessel's side. To place a shipmate's lifeless course into the flowing tide Thro' sunny seas and raging storms, great toils and dangers thick, He faithful to his bows had been—did not desert the ship. But now his toils are o'er, barque moored, and ended his last "trip."

Loud the Harpers harped, and sang the praises of the Blood That had them the victory gotten—on a Sea of Glass they stood. Loud welcomed them the Mariner to the Fiery, Glassy floor, With a Crown of Glory decked him, to his hand a Harp they bore; Cried they—"True and just the King of Saints is, he shall praise Him evermore."

Though the clouds may be black, the sun is behind; the rolling waves will calm down. Though long be the voyage and hard be the toil, in Port there's a golden crown Then cheer up my shipmates! Make God and the Ship your choice and your portion forever!

When sea rocks do your duty and stand by her then, but never DESERT her—NEVER!

J. B.

Africa.

Commissioner and Mrs. Ridsdell are doing extensive tours in the Southern and Native Provinces.

The building extension at the Diefontein Social Farm is going up rapidly. It will provide increased accommodation for over thirty men.

Woodstock Circle is an up-to-date centre of salvation life. One of the most beautiful sights was witnessed at the famous "Inks' Corner" on Saturday, when a poor drunk and a well-dressed lady knelt side by side at the drum-head seeking the mercy of God.

The Cape Town Argus printed an in-

teresting interview with Brigadier Rance on the Social Work.

200 men can be accommodated at the Cape Town Metropole.

China.

Several ships have called at the harbor of Hong Kong, and Staff-Capt. Symons has been kept busy at the Naval and Military Home. The Staff-Captain has also been visiting the ships and holding meetings on board, with the result that he has seen several souls god-saved amongst the sailors and officers. Some of the policemen in the town have also been visiting the Home, and in some cases they have sent men along and paid for their bed and keep.

INDIAN TESTIMONIES.

Below we print the testimonies just as three Indian Salvationists, who came to the Toronto Anniversary meetings, gave them:

The Chief's Testimony.

I am surprised that you Toronto people have to sing. Why, yesterday Saturday evening alone, I met a gentleman made the remark that we wasn't civilized. We are just as much civilized as you are. My mother, I have heard her speak of England, so surely she must have been there; of Toronto, so she must have been here, too. Just as I am the same the fall for the Salvation Army to meet in Toronto, so the time will come for us to meet at the Judgment bar and give account of the deeds we have done upon this earth. Hallelujah!

Brother George Obatassaway's Testimony.

I thank God that He ever led me into the right way, and that the Salvation Army did catch me. I have little money coming in and I do not have to work, if I keep from the whiskey. I have been a drunkard all my life until God helped me two years ago, and itself the happiest two years of my life. I'm going to be faithful and go to heaven.

Brother Wilson Ga K's Testimony

Interpreted by the Chief.) I am thankful to God that He ever led me in the right way. Some time ago I was very bad, but the Indian have no soul, but I believe there is a place in heaven somewhere for me. The Salvation Army came along and told me that I had a soul, and that I could be saved. I am going to be faithful and do what is right and there will be a place in heaven for me.

Lisgar Street Corps' Anniversary Sunday.

Wonderful manifestation of God's saving power! Adelina and wife and Capt. Hart, forevermore! Surely they will long remember the result of their earnest appeal for sinners to farewell from sin. ELEVEN souls knelt at the penitent form crying for deliverance from their different besetting sins, and some for sanctification in the hottest meeting. Capt. White did not speak, but he wrote over struck with consternation as could be seen on their faces. The visit of those who went out of our corps to fight against the devil and for God, were heartily welcomed back, and the barracks was crowded all day. The dedication of the children of Dreher Lily and wife was a solemn but joyful service. Three of our comrades got enrolled under the banner of the corps. At night grand meeting, the power of the Holy Ghost was felt and many were converted and a large number help up their hands for prayer, for salvation, and got it heartily said. Hallelujah! Amen! How is that for a day's work for God? The old devil must have howled with rage at that sight. We are looking and praying for a great revival in our corps.—B.M. S. McFarland, Reg. Cor.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LOCAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING—
PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?
JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES, OR
LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR—
CREDITORS, OR
MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your disposal the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.
Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Mr. A. Smeaton, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

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THE WAR CRY.

Mrs. Brigadier Read Leads Council with Women's Social Officers.

Our hearts were still warm and aglow with the beautiful influences of the previous councils led by our beloved Commissioner, and perhaps we felt that there was very little, if anything left unsaid.

But as we gathered around our leader, dear Mrs. Read, in that cosy sitting-room of the Women's Shelter, our numbers were not large, but we were cheered, blessed and helped, as we listened to her earnest and inspiring words.

In looking back over the past year we have much to be grateful for. About 600 girls have passed through the Rescue Home during the year. A large number of them have been truly converted, and to-day are soldiers in the Army which was the means of leading them to Christ.

Also our Shelters are doing well. In fact we have every reason to be thankful for the past year. Some rapid strides have been made. God has indeed blessed the labors of the Rescue band.

But we have one great bugbear that hinders our progress, that is a lack of officers. Officers ! Oh, how much

some of our comrades are needed at the front to-day. Women and nurses who will take the message of hope to the victims of despair.

Mrs. Read, in some of her remarks, spoke of the utter hopelessness, apparently, of some of our cases. We find them everywhere, on the street, in our court-rooms, in the prison cells : people who have lost hope. But they are not lost, we have only to lift them on their feet again—get them saved. What we need to do is to save them, put our arms around them and cheer them, and point them to Mary's Christ.

Then each one in our little meeting told out their own heart's story, and God came very near. And we separated, feeling that more than ever before, we were bound together as one band with one purpose—seeking the lost—and with our arms linked in the Master's we are certain of victory. Yours under the Flag, E. H. E.

STILL A CHANCE FOR YOU.

We have had replies in answer to our appeal in the Cry some time ago for officers, but we still require eight or ten godly, consecrated women for the Women's Social Work. Especially do we need several trained nurses. Apply at once to Brigadier Mrs. Read, S. A. Temple, Toronto.

"THE GREAT EFFORT OF CHRIST FOR THE SALVATION OF A RUINED WORLD ORIGINATED WITH A SACRIFICE, AND MUST BE CARRIED FORWARD ON THE SAME LINES. HE GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME, THEREFORE I CANNOT GIVE HIM LESS."

SPECIAL.

The following report we print just as received by us. (Please note that the word "exterminate" means "to destroy, to annihilate" according to the dictionary.) The report is all right, only remember not to use words unless you are familiar with their meaning :

M.—Sunday evening the Satanic Majesty entered our meeting in the shape of a young man who was one of L. O.'s and to perform the somewhat painful duty of exterminating him from our midst, while the Captain held the fort, the Lieutenant led the charge, and one backsider returned to our God. Hallelujah. Our corps is clear of debt. Glory to God !—Yours advancing, A. H. H.

Centralettes.

The October Congress is now a thing of the past, and the officers have gone back to their respective commands inspired and encouraged. By this time the arrangements for the great S.-D. fight are well in hand, and if we mistake not, there will be another splendid victory scored in the Central.

There have been several changes, which we have reason to believe will work out to the advantage of the war generally. Ensign and Mrs. Attwell take command of the Guelph Corps and District. Lieut. Jackson and Capt. Stroud. Aurora and Newmarket Corps are transferred to the Toronto District, while Barrie is compensated by having Midland (Capt. McClelland) Coldwater and Orillia (Capt. Creamer and Stevens) added to the Bracebridge District. It is now placed by Adj't. Carter and Capt. Louie Matthews. Captain's Combinations, Captain ! Capt. White, late of Hamilton I, takes hold of Huntsville, and will do well. Capt. Weeks and Adj't. Paxton have gone to Abbie Harbour. Guelphurst Corps is transferred to the Erinbridge District, thus swallowing up Orillia District entirely.

Capt. Barker and Darrach and Lieut. Dales have taken charge of Oshawa. The fight here is very difficult, but there will be a move in the right direction very soon. Capt. Wiseman goes to Brooklyn.

Hamilton District receives two new Lieutenants from the Women's Training Garrison, in the persons of Lieut. Donaldson and Lieut. Cooper, the former going to Dundas and the latter to St. Catharines. Lieut. Fisher is promoted to the rank of Captain and is appointed to assist Adj't. Taylor at Hamilton I. Still another promotion, Capt. Mainland if you please, takes charge of Hamilton II, with Lieut. Crego to assist. Oakville, in the hands of Capt. White, is all right. Capt. Smith is supplying at Dundas for a few weeks.

The portly Adj't. Wiggins, with his portly and lesser half, holds the fort at Lindsay. Capt. O'Neill and wife are at Fenelon Falls, while Lieut. Cook, from the Women's Training Garrison goes to assist Capt. Culbert at Uxbridge.

Lieut. Capper dons the red braid, and with Lieut. Edwards will do a grand thing at Cheshire. Lieut. Fell drops into Orangeville while Capt. Rennie and Lieut. Huskisson re-opens Meaford. Peversham Chole is now in command of no less a dignitary than Capt. Brand, who is assisted by Lieut.

Sudbury District will be run from the Provincial Headquarters. Capt. Sherwin and Lieut. Bond will make things move at Sudbury. Capt. Stephens (late Lieutenant in charge at Oakville) assisted by Lieut. McManan, will push the war at North Bay. Capt. Gammie has gone to Little Current and will be assisted by the newly-promoted Capt. Malprize.

Capt. Hanna and Lieut. Wade have taken charge of Brantford, and it hard work will accomplish anything, they are the people to do it. Welcome to the Central Province, but especially to Lippincott, Adj't. DesBrisay. Capt. Charlton and Lieut. Craig are two capable and good assistants. Adj't. Moore comes along full rough and will lead on at Ligon-St. assisted by Capt. McDonald, while Capt. Hart goes to Riversdale pro tem. Capt. Rose will do well at Dovercourt. Ensign Taylor Capt. Lott, Capt. and Mrs. Jones, Capt. Palling and Capt. Mitchell have gone on furlough.

A real splendid soul-saving work is going on in Toronto, 4 souls at Yorkville, 6 at the Temple, 4 at Richmond St., and 2 at Riverside are amongst the recent captures reported in the city.

St. Catharines has been a very hard field for soul-saving, but in the past two or three weeks several souls have sought salvation.

The Chief Secretary dedicated Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Margaret's baby at Lippincott on Sunday.

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help ?



Self-Defence.

He was in a rage !
Mr. Self-indulgence was really mad. I call him Mr. because this generally is the way he is addressed; in reality he is near relation to his Satanic Villainess.

Only that morning he had received a large garment containing a proclamation signed by Apollyon having attached to it the seal of the Nether Region. And this is the information the proclamation contained :

The Salvation Army are having all the their obnoxious Self-Denial Weeks, or more accurately, weeks are being made to unite people not only to give out of what they can afford, but to induce everybody to give until it is felt to be a real denial of self. Mr. Self-indulgence was reminded of his duty to go to Apollyon and exorted to use all weapons to command to defeat the practice of Self-Denial.

Mr. Self-indulgence was severely shocked; he was no believer in exertion. He had risen late that morning, and after a most sumptuous breakfast, had sunk back in his cushioned arm-chair. His slippery feet resting on a magnificent tiger skin. He loved the old and medieval and was conserva

tive in the extreme. Still, he recognized that possibly his very existence depended on immediate action, so he reached down a tremendous long sword and called the Appetite of the Flesh, with it he is confident he will largely defeat the Self-Denial efforts of the Salvation Army.

This above information was given to the War Cry by a reliable authority, and we pass it on to our numerous reads, as we have no doubt that old Self-indulgence's sword will show its edge to all those who are going to practice some real Self-Denial, in order to better help the S.D. Let us all valiantly fight the old rascal.

for J. S. Workers.

Sotism and Temptation.

III. 13-17; IV. 1-11.

John's preaching, where he was baptizing and repentance and rebirth, as and wool had been alike. John, and humbled them with baptism. Jesus came with John to be baptized, though he had no sin and no repentance. John, who had of others who were repented of, himself to, and did all that could. Here He teaches us humility, and also that of love. He was to lead men on, and when He began just sin, must begin, "at the ladder."

He said, "No doubt the appearance of Jesus, simple and loving spirit, made that his baptism was not only fitting. It was for and was merely an outgrowth within the heart, it was already prepared man, the Christ of God, so now—Jesus did not and John to baptize him, requested that He might baptize him. John said, "that it is beneath all righteousness, for others to be humiliated, to share in the same."

Voice from Heaven—angels with the radiant on them from heaven, softly, its rays of Jesus, resting upon them in a dove, then anyone uttered the stirring words, "My beloved John was to decrease, increase, John's prosperity. John had said the truth, "I have no d to be seen," meaning the happy Ghost. We all feel Jesus comes near to our

right into the Wilderness.

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FALLEN.

What a world of heartaches, sorrow and shame is implied by that little word—fallen.

This is seen in the nook of a porch of a large public building, with the child of her shame and woe, the thing that binds her to life, in her arms, at last blessed with a little sleep.

The policeman came round to try the door, his foot stumbled against a soft heap, and lets the light of his lantern fall upon it—a fallen girl with her child. Although frequent acquaintance with criminals has somewhat hardened his feelings, yet this sight touches him. She is so young he sends for the patrol and have her put into a cell with a lot of drunken and brutal old-timers?

"No, she shall have a chance," he muttered.

Quickly he telephones to the Rescue Home of the Salvation Army, and soon the girl is safely housed there.

Her story was exceedingly pathetic.

She had come up to the world, do parents and possessed a good education. At comparatively young years, she had passed all her examinations triumphantly, and after two years successful teaching had received a position as teacher on the high school staff not far from her native town. Here the devil had set the trap for her soul.

She was introduced in some of the best families of that town, and met

there a young fellow, extremely handsome and equally wicked. He was the biggest good-for-nothing in town. As it was, he had never been able to catch her, although rather sensible in most matters, was entirely blind to the unprincipled disposition of Frank, as we will call the scoundrel. He saw her and desired her. He had, with some jealousy, in a very short time, in winning her confidence. Lily was warned, but she would not listen, and attributed to jealousy all that was told her by other girls. Unquestioning she believed all the well-chosen assurances of his admiration and affection until he had accomplished his designs and thrown her overboard shortly afterwards.

Her circumstances forced her to resign her position. She returned to her home, where she met with a curse from her father and brother, when the truth was known, and her mother, although desirous to shield her, was unable to protect the girl. She had to leave home.

Lily went to the city, to look for a situation. She obtained one for a few months. Then her child was born. When she returned from the hospital she was not admitted to the home again. That night, penniless, after wandering about the streets all day, and hungry and tired she had sought a little rest in the shelter of a porch.

If ever a girl appreciated the love shown her in the Rescue Home, and there is some that can do it, it is Lily. The child was overjoyed, when Lily, one Sunday morning, knelt by her side and gave her heart to God.

A few weeks after that, an unexpected opportunity opened to find her a situation as teacher again. The woman who accepted made a mistake. The Board was informed of all the circumstances, and she could take her position without threading that the past might be discovered any day and such discovery might bring her back into misery. Her child she placed with some godly people, whom she pays for its support. *

Lily is to-day a living power for God and a continual testimony to the saving strength of Christ.

"This is Christlike work," you say, sympathetically.

Yes it is. You may not be able to do it personally, but you may be able to help the devoted and self-sacrificing Rescue Officers of the Salvation Army do it.

And how? Self-Denial Week is coming on. Give your donation willingly and as large as you can. Deny yourself of something that will make you feel the sacrifice, and so teach you to enjoy the real pleasure of giving.

Eighteen dollars a year will support a girl in the Rescue Home, and help to draw a saved child from the streets.

Sixteen dollars to bring a soul back to God and goodness. Can you find a better investment for your money?

What will YOU do during Self-Denial Week?

SOPH.

"I do not care." You do not? Be sure that you get these words in the right connection.

TWO PICTURES.

A Self-Denial Story.

By MAJOR SOUTHALL.

The thought expressed in these few lines was suggested to my mind some little time ago while thinking of our greatest annual effort, and which is now before us again. Study these pictures carefully:

No. I.—Corinth, the beautiful.

No. II.—Philippi, the poor.

Artist.—The world's greatest Apostle.

I.

You may draw closer. This is picture No. I.—Observe the sunny background, in which the special feature of the painting is set. Were that figure more comely, its golden settings would have presented a picture that would ravish the vision, and capture the admiration of angels in heaven and saints on earth. Alas! that the slight, gaunt, sickly monk shuns contract out to make the hideous monstrosity stand out in ghastly relief, more horridly repulsive. If you can face the ordeal, look for a moment. See those eyes, rolling continuously in their hunt for gain. Note the sensuous gaping mouth. Mark the coarse hands or this stooping monstrosity, sing song its malin characteristic—grab-all—and suddenly you learn its name—"Covetousness."

Ah, Corinth! the pride of the world in thy day, Repository of that which was most refined and most refined. It remained for thee to give to succeeding generations of the race a picture portraying that characteristic which had sunk many cities as opulent as thee into nothingness, and was destined to bring destruction upon thee.

II.

Turn this way, please. This is picture No. II.—Observe the strangely sombre background. In contrast with that of No. I.—Povety and misfortune does not suggest a very pleasing ground for a picture—but wait. Look at the central picture, standing out in splendid relief—it's beauty, like the opening petals of a lovely rose, keeps unfolding, and gives a commanding air upon it—malice, or covetousness, or pure! Why it must be the portrait of an angel. See those eyes, how full of expression—in tenderness, in love for others. See those lips—as breathing blessing upon every one. See those hands extended, offering to all of what they possess. And now for the name. What is it? "Charity."

Little, in the way of comment, is required from the hand of the poorest of novices. The master hand of the world's greatest word painter has presented the pictures before you. Study them for yourself. You will find the first in II Cor. viii. The other in Philippians iv. 12-23.

Let me finish by asking, "In which picture are you most interested?" In which do you find the reflex of your own spirit, comrade? In the question of Self-Denial Week? We have heard of some whose idea has been OUR city, OLYMPIA. Our corps of soldiers must have been the excuse of the Corinthians. (Stingy people are never hardy up for excuses.) Corinth, as a city, or a church, could have bought up poor, unassuming Phillip a hundred times. Nevertheless, when General Paul is in the city, he sends his money to the various corps on behalf of the struggling work in Jerusalem, and possibly for extending the work to other places, the Phillip soldiers put their richer, but smaller-souled and selfish Corinthian comrades to shame—by contributing liberally and cheerfully to the effort. There is no grumbling about the money going out of the town. So long as it was destined to carry inspiration to struggling comrades—wherever or whoever they may be—or send a ray of hope to those who are bound to God and without hope, they get it a hundred duty on the one hand to give, and a glorious privilege on the other to be honored with the opportunity.

Who can measure the meaning of the words of Jesus when He said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto them, ye did it unto Me." Can you imagine what that Divine meaning is? What mean in that great day for those self-denying Philippians? Who knows what measure of blessing your gift, if given freely and cheerfully, will carry with it down here? You will know, at any rate, in that day when the soldiers of the first European corps shall hear the result of their Self-Denial.



"SUSPICIOUSLY HE LETS THE LIGHT OF HIS LANTERN FALL UPON IT—IT IS ONLY A FALLEN GIRL WITH HER CHILD."

GAZETTE.

CORRECTION.

The following two items were gazetted wrongly last week:

ENSIGN FITZPATRICK to be Ensign in charge of Kamloops Corps and District.

Cadet-Lieutenant Jones to be Lieutenant at Vancouver Shelter.

PROMOTIONS.

Adjutant Geo. Burditt, of Montreal I., to be Staff-Captain.

Adjutant Wilfred Creighton, of T. H. Q., to be Staff-Captain.

Ensign McGill, of Dawson City, to be Adjutant.

Ensign Ethel Kerr, of St. John I., N. B., to be Adjutant.

Captain Ward, of Montreal I., to be Ensign to Barrie Corps and District.

APPOINTMENTS.

Adjt. Wiggins, of Lisgar St., to Lindsay Corps and District.

Adjt. Moore, to Lisgar St. Corps.

Adjt. Byers, to New Glasgow Corps and District.

Adjt. Desfrissey, to Lippincott Corps and Garrison.

Adjt. Scarr, to Bracebridge Corps and District.

Ensign Attwell, to Barrie Corps and District.

Ensign Jennings, to Moncton Corps and District.

Ensign Ebdury, to Houlton, Me.

Ensign Edwards, to St. John Provinical Headquarters.

EVANGELINE C. BOOTH,
Field Commissioner.



Our Grand Old Man.

In glancing over the appointments of our beloved General, one marvels at the unflinching activity and zealous courage of this veteran warrior, who, at the age of nearly three score and ten, undertakes such campaigns, that must by the numerous public engagements and the vicissitudes of ocean voyage, and other forms of travelling, entail a great expenditure of physical and mental strength. The General has just crossed over to Holland for a ten days' engagement, to lead off the Winter Campaign in that Territory.

On his return four or five series of meetings in different parts of the British Field, will keep him fully employed until the "Two Days with God," in Exeter Hall, London, Nov. 28th and 29th. On the 15th of January the General will set sail for Australia, this being his third visit to that part of his parish. He will return for the Old Land from Victoria on or about April 30th. Let us pray daily that God may increasingly bless his labours and may yet spare him to be our triumphant leader for many years to come.

Promotions.

The recent promotions of four old and tried comrades will doubtless be sincerely appreciated by our rank and file, since they include officers who have seen service in the far East as well as the farthest West. We welcome Adjts. Creighton and Burditt as Staff-Captains. With the additional responsibility added to the Financial Department through a partial rearrangement of the book-keeping at our Shelters and Provincial Headquarters, Adjt. Ward's present position will be a responsible one. The newly-created Adjutants are Ensign Kerr and Ensign McGill, who is now in charge of the Klondike Expedition.



Territorial Headquarters,
Toronto, Ont.

October, 1898.

My dear Officers and Soldiers,—

I find my heart impatient to drop on to paper some words to you through the medium of the Cry, respecting our God-honored and blessed annual effort—Self-Denial.

The rumbling of the wheels of preparation for this war have been for some days sounding in my ears, and by the time this letter is in your hands it will be the all-absorbing topic of every loyal Officer, Soldier and child in our ranks. This day while working out some plans in connection with this effort my own heart has been newly touched by an exceptionally keen realization of the value of its agency. What precious blessings it has brought to the souls of those who have been more strictly responsible for its operations, rebinding us by freshly spoken vows to Calvary and its cause, and teaching lessons which have made us better savours of men. What hundreds and hundreds of sinners, the darkest, the worst, the lowest, it has gathered by the means of its far-reaching arms into the Kingdom of God. All the literature ever printed by the Army would not hold the stories told of the definite blessings gained during our Self-Denial week, apart from those reaped consequent to the financial assistance it has brought.

But of this I need not remind you. You know it all. It has made you to put into the endeavor some of the hardest toil, hottest love, fervent prayer and concentrated thought of your experience, and for this, my brave comrades, in the name of God, my General, and the needy, in my deepest heart I thank you as words can never express.

But in this approaching Self-Denial I am looking for you to take a yet more valiant stand. You must be one with me in my ambition to make its climax to surpass any victory yet achieved; one with me in my desire to rebrighten "the helmet of Salvation" and "breast-plate of righteousness" right through the ranks, and so give the war in this country in every respect a distinct push forward, I know you too well to fear your being behind or being slack in red-hot endeavor to do your utmost to reach the mark. I feel certain you will do your whole share as allotted you by God. I will do mine. These opportunities are so precious, time is so short—at the longest it is but as a span, but that span may grasp an eternity of blessing to ourselves and to others. It can be so with your life, and God will help you to make it so with the lives of others.

Exceptional thought, prayer and time has been given to the organizing of plans for the effort, and I would say to each of my precious Soldiers, the more strictly you adhere to instructions, the greater success Self-Denial will be at your Corps. The Lord will be with you; He will meet by virtue of the sacrifice of His own Son your every need. Seek Him! Have faith in Him, and go forward remembering that as my God-given charge I love you, and I trust you.

Yours to lead the way,

Evangeline Booth

Field Commissioner.

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SWEET SIXTEEN.

The Sixteenth Anniversary a Thing of the Past—Its Mighty Blessings and inspirations, However, Live on—Officers and Soldiers will Carry Them to all Parts of the Territory—
The Field Commissioner Marvellously Upheld by God's Loving Arm.

They are gone—gone!

Who, which is gone? The Staff Officers, the Field Officers, the Social Officers, the soldiers and friends, the councils, the public meetings, the Soldiers' Assembly, the rush, the hustle, the excitement—all these have passed away, but burning verities uttered by our beloved Commissioner, sound advice given, the precious counsels received, the definite blessings obtained and the inspirations that have thrilled our souls are still ours. Ours—not only to make us stronger within ourselves, but chiefly to make us better in the service to which we have consecrated our lives.

Many of our hard-working comrades, who have toiled for many months, arduous, tremendous odds with but little encouragement from their fellow-men, had looked forward with great anticipation to see an inspiring, neither have they been disappointed.

It appeared, nevertheless, as if disappointment would be inevitable. As already fully explained in our last issue, the untiring commander of this Territory, on the very eve of our gatherings, was laid aside with acute suffering. The doctor gave practically no hope of her being able to do the meetings, but our leader's indomitable will and her knowledge of what far-reaching consequences were staked on these gatherings, caused her to call for medical deflection. When the doctor heard of what meetings our beloved Commissioner led, he expressed it as his sincere conviction, that nothing but a "superhuman p. w. r." could have enabled her to accomplish it.

Our comrades who had come up to our Territorial Jaru-salem, went away with the radiance of Divine blessing visible in their very countenances. Thank God for the irreasable example of the Field Commissioner, who has again been the channel of the Almighty's message to thousands during the past week.

Soldiers' Council.

Lippincott looked its best. Gazing down upon its sparkling sea of human forms, it was a sight to live with, with Salvation enthusiasm. For typi-c.i Army exalt-m. a. soldiers' council cannot be equalled, and on this Anniversary occasion the t.d. of interest and white hot feeling ran high. All the local families, from 7 to 100, comprising men, boys and blushing lights from more distant battlefields, had gathered and by the time that the pent-up fervor found outlet in the rousing, swelling song, things seemed shaping for a salvation blaze.

Much craning of necks and tip-toeing of feet, and a spontaneous outburst of thunderous clapping announced the arrival of the Field Commissioner. Most, if not all of these present, knew of the severe sickness which had threatened to debilitate them from the physical and spiritual training of the eyes of tender soldier women and stalwart soldier men grew moist as the watched the pale smiling face of their leader come slowly up the aisle. When she reached the platform the cheering spent itself in a prolonged volley. The Field Commissioner's small low, fervid interest in her rank and file is by this time well known and well reciprocated.

The meeting reached high-water mark. Those influential soldiers' meetings which the Commissioner conducted in the cities some little time back were in a sense the forerunner of this united council, and had, there is no doubt, created my small apprehension for it. The Commissioner has a high ideal of what such a meeting must realize, and devoted her very best to carry her ideal out.

The Commissioner's address was a masterpiece of force and skill. More than that, it was absolutely suitable to the crowd of men and women before her. With bated breath they looked into the gaudy realities of their demoniacal religion, and then turned their eyes upon their own surrounding circumstances and discovered what ever was cruel or contemptible therein.

With admiration they discerned the immenseness, purity and the vulnerability of the Apostle, as then with irre sistable turning of the tables their eyes went inwards to discover if the flower of their own character shone brightest amidst what of gloom shone about them.

The Commissioner's simple description was only second to her astonishing applications. Ambition to flow the high ideal she shewed them leapt up very soon— resolve to then and there have done with all flights and hindrances came in like a flood.

The transient form was soon cleared and filled. Conscientious hearts poured out stories of confession and made quick consecration there. It was late very late—when the last of them claimed victory through the Blood, and the Field Commissioner, in her infinite enthusiasm had held the realm. In the prayer meeting, shouted "The Bishop of Newfoundland will close."

The Officers' Councils.

The councils for officers were conducted by the Commissioner personally, in the Lippincott St. barracks. There were about 200 in all present. The Field Officers met in their rooms; Tuesday morning, Tuesday afternoon, Wednesday morning, afternoon and evening. Thursday morning the Commissioner used the Staff Officers.

The Field Commissioner's appearance

on Tuesday morning was greeted with a prolonged clapping of hands, stamping of feet and shouting voices. The atmosphere was much moved by this genuine expression of deep and sincere affection for her loved officers, and a ocean of sympathy was seemed to develop and hollow the assembly.

Some but pale, but with sparkling eyes, Miss Booth rose to her feet, a. d. although her voice was rather uncertain at the beginning, it soon resumed its old well-known ring and strength.

"Don't be anxious about me, my dear officers," she remarked. "I shall not run any unnecessary risks. Although I have suffered severely, and feel still somewhat trembling yet, I feel confident right through the day that I was forced to keep my bed, that, if I never found my feet, I would be able to keep them."

The Field Commissioner continued her opening remarks by saying, that she was anxious every officer should have a better and larger idea of HOW MUCH God was willing to give to the creature. If each officer would come back to their Captain more than ever in touch with heaven, what wonders would be wrought.

The study of the Bible was urged, for the Bible was the best lamp in the dark and the best guide in the light; the more it is read, the more brilliant will it be.

The power of unity and co-operation was masterly illustrated, and carnerness and holy ambition strikingly depicted as the great factors of an effectual soul-saver's carrier.

"Not Slothful in Business."

was the gushing thread throughout the exposition of the momentous matters of salvation business, touching such main points as: The Pentent F. r. m. Soldier-makin', Backslidin', the War Cry, and other schemes of importance. Each of the three officers' councils, with the attendant practical consideration and in an immensely spiritual manner. The most exemplary attention was given to the Field Commissioner, and every officer exercised all the powers of his intellect and soul to master the subject discussed.

On Wednesday, the Chief Secretary reviewed the year's advances and special features, mentioning the following topics:

The General's visit.

The Kinglike Expedition.

The Junior Work.
The Rescue Work among women.
The Men's Social Work.
The Industrial Farm.
The Property.

The Colonel fittingly chose the lines of "We have conquered in times that are past," as his text. There were many accomplishments to cheer us on the way. We are apt amid the rush of the immediate business that engages our attention constantly, to forget that has been won, therefore, a report half to recall past triumphs, will often inspire us with fresh zeal and courage for future battles.

With Hearts and Hands United.

We must not omit to mention, that the text read by the Field Commissioner at the opening session contained the key-note of the councils. "It is thine to rule with might, but it is not me this command." We believe all our hearts from the Colonel down to the youngest Cadet were with our heroic leader in all her plans to better push all flights and hindrances.

"Now here's my heart and here's my hand To push the war throughout the land," was sung with heart and might by all; these counsels will help us all to better warriors of the conquering Christ.

On the crowning time was the closing meeting on Wednesday. Scores will remember the occasion as the moment when they made a distinct advance in their personal experience.

A pleasing feature of the Staff

Council was the Commissioner's an-

nouncement of several promotions—Adts. Cleighton and Burdett to be Staff-Captains, and insignia McGil-

and Kerr to be Adjutants. These pro-

motiones were received with tremendous

applause; all of these officers have

seen many years of service in widely

different parts of the Territory.

Thursday Night.

Public Meeting in the Bond Street Congregational Church.

The barometer registered "cold" on Thursday, and at the time the open-air commenced a frosty wind hurried the people along the narrow deserted streets. The audience was a little divided into three sections, holding separate open-air meetings on different street corners just off Yonge St. The Staff Band marched from the Temple, and their return route was so arranged that the three groups were picked up and turned and united in one long procession up Yonge St. to the splendid Bond St. Church.

This edifice was well filled with a

representative audience who stayed

watched attentively, and also gave

applause when the collection was taken up.

Captain Jacobs opened the service

by giving out the swinging song,

"My soul is now united to Christ, the Living Vine."

The Staff Band played well and the

singing was taken up heartily. Solos by Mrs. Major Hargrave and Capt. Downey were sung impressively, the last-named officer accompanying her self on the guitar.

The Field Commissioner's subject

had been announced to be "Uncov-

ed." The people were selected from the fifty-second chapter of I. Cor. verse 10, "The Lord hath made bare His holy arm in the eyes of all the nations; and all the ends of the earth shall see the salvation of God."

For the first hour, plain truths,

red-hot utterances—impassioned ca-

rooning in masters' Divine, forceful ex-

hortations and compassionate plead-

ings fell with power upon the people,

who with bated breath listened to and

drank in the earnest, passionate elo-

quence of the Field Commissioner.

"Grace is like a flowing river."

was not only sung, but felt, like a

mighty force rushing down upon the

congregation.

Brigadier Pugmire, with earnestness

took hold of the prayer meeting and

kept it alive with his song and

prayer, till one after another

made their way to the altar to take hold of the bare

arm of our God for the salvation of their soul.

When comes the eighth, where is

the ninth?—Here is the ninth, "Sa-

lalatu-lu-lu!" and responding to the

Brigadier's request a loud "Hallelu-

iah!" rang through the vaulted

church.

The Temple was not behind in their

meetings. A blessed day was exper-

enced, with six souls in the Fountain-

"Here is the tenth," and still the hour came until it was near the midnight hour when that memorable meeting was brought to a close.

"Miss Booth simply surpassed herself. "Excellent!—Excellent!—I have never listened to anyone that took hold of life like the one I have heard to-night." "Miss Booth, your address has been an inspiration to me, I shall preach it over the best way I know how." (This from a minister.) These are some of the numerous remarks overheard in pass-

ing.

WINGED WORDS Of the Field Commissioner.

Faith will not thrive in an impure heart.

The ruling principle of development is use.

System makes a crowd one, and one a crowd.

System makes numbers, but it does not depend on them.

Inactivity will kill anything—plant, animal, sense, or creature.

I believe the very foundation of Heaven rocks when a soul bucklesides.

Set a prize on the fish you catch; it will help you better to look after them.

We don't want a man on his face in the dust, but on his feet with the sword.

Christ did not call indolence into His apostleship. He selected them from the diligent.

Paul's care for his converts can only be compared to that of a tender mother for her infants.

Lack of confidence is often taken for humility. We want the latter, but by no means the former.

Appeal to the poor side of a man and that calls out all the best traits of his character to rise up and stretch out to bear it.

Where there is careful diligence applied to duty, things come out all right—where there is careless negligence things come out all wrong.

Ali Calvary's darkness, all the blood shed by Jesus was the price paid for the salvation of the least of the souls that knelt at our Saviour's feet.

Time is only a detail of eternity—eternity's smallest fraction—but time decides eternity; so the details of our work will decide our life's triumph or defeat.

Do for your country what we at Headquarters do for the Ter. Ry.—plan, turn, arrange, fix, think and scheme until each man is engaged in some work for which he is the most fitted.

Jacob's deception came back upon him every step of the way; his salary was cut in ten times, and he had to serve fourteen years for a wife, as well as under a hard and severe master his uncle Laban.

The immediate practical result of the recent councils are already noticeable by the reports which have reached us of our Sunday's meetings in the Toronto City Corps.

Brigadier and Mrs. Gastin, Major and Mrs. Hargrave and Capt. Welch report excellent meetings, afternoon and night at Richmond St. Splendid contributions, and best of all, THREE good rates of conversion all night.

Yorkville corps had a glorious day, and the excellent total of NINE souls out to the penitent form for salvation, some of them having been holding back for years. Hallelu-

Aff. Moon has just taken charge of Lisgar St., and received there a warm welcome. The Corps Correspondent reports extraordinary meetings all day. Soldiers have been inspired with new zeal, and a backsplash of enthusiasm night and day.

The Temple was not behind in their meetings. A blessed day was experienced, with six souls in the Fountain-

October, 1898.

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HOBOISM.

The Way Into It and Out of It,
Experienced and Explained by
J. T. T.

A TRAMP is a man always on the move, who will not under any consideration work, and for that reason can not stay where he would probably not move either if not compelled to. A "hobo" may be a man who later on becomes a tramp, but he will work, at least in spells; when he is not working he is drinking, and when he has no more to do, he is idle. He goes on in order to be able to drink, and when through drinking he is compelled to travel, because the place where he drops his earnings, as a rule, is not where the drunken hoboes are employed. Most of them get their start and training in the saloons, and on the same places become their hunting and camping ground, and without saloons and whiskey, it would be difficult for them to either start or finish. I got started in Chicago, not in fancy, but in deed, and here is the way it came about. I had a good position, a good home, a wife, and a host of friends, and all went on well for a while, but by degrees saloons got to be

Places that I Could Not Pass, and after I got in, it was a hard job, either for myself, or anybody else to get me out again, and when I did get out I was not much good for anything. It did not take long before I saw that moderation had gone to the wind, and as a drunkard I was just bringing

A hundred miles more or less did not make a great deal of difference, fare was no different, because I had none. There were three ways of travelling—the "rods," the "side-door Pullman," and the "blind baggage." The first was the one most resorted to, because it was the surest, if not the safest, after we got started, and the train well along, nobody could get at us. The "side-door," or box-car, I did not use except there was plenty of time, for it had several drawbacks. For instance, a brakeman may appear on the scene any time, and then the first question would be

"Where are you going?"

"To 'Fuloso."

"Got any stuff?"

"Naa."

"Well then you hit the ground, and be quiet about it, too," said the conductor, who either meant or obey, and when a train was moving fast the ground feels hard, when you strike it from the door of a box-car. The "blind baggage" was the platform of baggage coach that had no door out of it, hence the name of blind, but it was to play hide and seek with the trainman continually, and to be on

Look Out for the Police

In the elites, jumping off and on at every station, it was very tiresome. Outside of these three general ways, there was chances that circumstances provided that can not very well be described.

The summer I used to spend up north, and the winter down south, because most of the time I didn't have clothes enough to flag a handcar with, and was fitted out just about right for tropical weather. As to buy any clothes anywhere near a saloon, I soon gave that up, it could not be done,

there, with a physician and remedy afar off, probably to be reached and obtained, probably not, with no other hope than to live, reaching for but never able to grasp the remedy, and when dying it may still be in the distance. That did not help me much, only to feel miserable, and I soon found that of most use was to get without delay, and later on it was plain to me, that there was no kind of religion that would fit into the life of a drunken "hobo." There may be for those that give, and them that possess the license to start him up and keep him at it, and to my opinion they are not bad, but they are bad-humored. But, in fidelity, under the grand name of "freethought," that fitted and suited exactly. The only trouble was that

Freethought did not Bring About

Free Action, but with it I was sinking deeper and deeper into slavery. There was no drawing, but no lifting power in it.

Through my wanderings, and through these people, looking for and seeking for the likes of me, I very often came in contact with the Salvation Army, and at last, thank God, through them I found a Saviour, that was able to bring about a complete revolution in my life. Hobos, drunkenness, uncertainty, darkness and despair, wanderings, and discontent, in one single hour, it all exploded and vanished. And ever, and ever again after, was broken, and the light and freedom, peace and contentment of my Almighty Redeemer flooded my miserable darkened heart and life. There I found power to lift me up out of the most horrible pit man ever was in; power to resist, power to triumph over environments, power to live above circumstances, and power to keep me going upward and heavenward,

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

The Devil's Penny-in-the-Slot

W. C. D.

It is said the man who invented the original penny-in-the-slot box, made a fortune out of it. Its merit lies in its blindness. Your penny is in it before you know it. It is set you at every corner and stopping place. Wherever men congregate, there is the infamous little slot, with its promise of something sweet. Just big enough to take in a penny. Everything so easy; and so the pennies drop in all day long.

And so the world's little game in the same way. He places the saloon on every available corner. At every turn there is the seductive Gin Palace. He has made it handy to get a drink. Wherever men congregate, there is the gilded palace or convenient resting place, that proves to be only one of the many mouths of the Pit of Woe!

Satan all day long gathers in the pennies and deals out the drinks. "Old Rye" stands upon his head most of the day and night, and empties out the fiery draught containing the "headaches," the "blues," and the "snakes," the rags, the heartaches, and the despair.

ANY so-called Christians, when faced with the needs of the war-chest, exclaim, "Money again—always begging!" Now, contrast the feelings of these people when there is any great popular national war on foot. Then what do they say to their statesmen? "You must ask for grants. You must not stick fast for money. We must win. John Bull must not be beaten for a few millions."

Ah, ah! their HEARTS are in that warfare. The women would sell their ornaments, and the men would hand over their balances, rather than England's freedom or greatness should be sacrificed.

Now, then, I say that if Christians had the true War spirit, which says, "I want the world for Christ Jesus—I want my King to reign over the hearts of men; He shall win, be it at the cost of money, or blood, or all else." If this spirit possessed them, instead of begrudging and reckoning how little they could give, and how much would save appearances, they would try how far they could deny themselves. MRS. GENERAL BOOTH.

A Cottage Meeting.

Friday, 21st, quite a nice little company started out to hold a parlor meeting at Mr. Jones' Lexington, unfortunately it was a very dark night and very dark. Notwithstanding this, the wet did not drown out the courage nor pleasure of the party. Everyone sufficingly made up their mind to be a blessing to the people who could come to the meeting. We had a real good time, everyone there really enjoyed themselves. Bro. Thoburn and his very interesting family of five girls sang and played, I thought it was very beautiful to see this family consecrated to God's service, going from place to place cheering the hearts of disheartened ones by their songs and music. Brother Jones and Adj't Manton sang a duet about John 4:15, everyone joining heartily in the chorus. Several testified to the goodness of God in saving their souls and bringing them out of bondage into freedom. We all proved that our happiness did not depend upon the weather, but our fellowmen, who are our true communion with God. We took up a collection and resolved to find over \$3 on the plate.—Adj't. Manton.

The pennies that ought to go to buy the little shoes and frocks, and the nourishing food for the finished wife, are stolen by satan's "Old Rye" trap. Even the shoes of the dead body have been taken and dropped into that old deviler's mouth!

Only Jesus can save from the power of the devil's slot-box. The right prayer is the cry of the sinking Peter, "Lord, save me!" And as quickly as Peter was helped by the strong arm of Jesus, so quickly will the same estate every one who trusts and relies for salvation. Jesus can destroy the craving for drink and the pipe in a moment.

He will forgive the sins of the patient heart as well, and banish the headaches, and the blues, and the snakes, and give "beauty for ashes," and the "oil of joy" for mourning, and the "garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."

He is the voice of Jesus speaking to you to-day. "Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

"Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes, cease to do evil, learn to do well. Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins were as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow, and though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool. If ye return not, I will shew ye shall not of the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel ye shall be devoured with the sword; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it."

"The SPIRIT and the BRIDE say COME, and HE that HEARETH, let him say COME, and HE that is ATHERST, let him COME: HE that WILL, let him TAKE the water of life, FREELY!"

sorrow and disgrace on to myself and friends, and I gave up my mind that before I would do that I would get away to spend my miserable existence amongst people that knew me not. So in order to raise money to get away, I sold everything that would bring money, and everything that I could possibly get along without, as well as something that ordinary people could get along without. To make the job complete, I went out and got drunk on that money, and spent the last cent of it in whiskey, and then I was ready to, and did start.

I shall perhaps never find time to relate the hideous scenes, and the ills of that followed for many a dark year. It would fill a book as big as my Bible. It was work at anything for a time, then take the profit to the nearest publiah that would take good cash for bad whiskey, and

They were Always Handy.

After I had got as much poison, headache and trouble as I could, then it would be the time to look around for another job, when, as it rule, would lay awry out on the frontier, or a wilderness somewhere, where men were badly wanted and no questions asked.

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

I used to make "stake" in the summer to take me down south, and another one in the winter to take me back, but they never took me either one way or the other, and I never took me into trouble. In the first place where that was sold in the shape of whiskey, and I was left to beat and baffle my way through without a cent.

In this way I kept on travelling, working, swimming, and travelling again, in and through over thirty different States, a stranger among strangers, alone amongst thousands, knowing what was right and doing what was wrong, hating myself for my own doings, whelping along by passions that had crushed my own will; no rest, but

Hellish Fires of Vice
and passion burning inside, and stamping me with the marks of sin outside. Alcohol started me and kept me going: it made me work in summer and winter in ice and snow, as well as in the burning sun. It made me sick my very life long, it made me go hungry for days, made me sleep many a night in summer and winter, with no other cover than the wind, frost, and clouds of the air, to face the day again with a head almost bursting with pain and limb shivering as it would part. It has made me crippled the sorrows that I tried to drown in it, and put a gulf, that can never be bridged in this world, between me and those that was dearest to me on earth, and only for a Saviour that says to the uttermost would be the saving, and the healing power of my life to-day and forever.

I started out in life with a religion that made me feel and believe that I was a condemned sinner, and left me

MANY WILL ENTER THE WEEK WHO WILL NOT BE WITH US AT ITS CLOSE, AND MANY MORE WILL HAVE PASSED AWAY BEFORE NEXT SELF-DENIAL WEEK COMES. MAKE SOME SACRIFICES—WHILE YOU CAN.—Mrs. Bramwell Booth.

one to Heaven.

Margaret French.

Tuesday last we laid at rest the soul of our Sister Margaret French, though not able to attend meetings, a cripple, she was a devout, loyal Christian, also a true soldier of Jesus Christ. Lives like hers are very rare, and among the "Klondyke first," was entombed in a cottage meeting, by a brother, a Socialist, from formerly a native of Harbor Grace (Manitoba). As she could not in the front of the battle she asked God to show her some way by which she could help to extend His kingdom. The result was the cultivation of a few acres, these finding a home, the money was cheerfully given to the Rescue Work. Eternity will reveal the good that is accomplished by this noble self-denying soul. As her body grew weaker under the vagaries of that dread disease, consolation sometimes urged to some of the efforts to supply her appetite; but her answer invariably was, "My flowers belong to God, He shall have every cent of them." During the last illness she was by Christians of different denominations. One Presbyterian brother, at her funeral, said, "He went to help her, not she him." Others testified to the same that always had cheered and helped by her. She took such an interest in the Army operations, the War to All the World. When too feeble to help them herself, however, she would help them to her, thus she kept in with all that was being done. Her death was very solemn and impressive during the service at the barracks, showing her good life, and won the hearts of all present. If she weakness could do so much, what of one possessing your health and strength, do, if they would only come. Lord, help me to follow the footsteps of my dear mother, she followed Christ." It can be said of her, "She rests from her labors, her works do follow her."—J. S. S. M.

Rosa McNelly.

In the past week it has been our privilege to lay dear little Rosa to her long-peace. For some weeks dear Mrs. McNelly has labored a mother's love and tender care on her little, but like a little dove, in her body. A very impressive service was held at the house and grave, we all consecrated ourselves to God and His service. It was a pleasure to see four of our officers carry the small coffin to the grave. A. Barber, Lieut., for Ensign

Major Collier will Visit:

town, Wednesday, Nov. 9th. Glasgow, Thursday, Nov. 10th. Officers' and Soldiers' Convalescent, Friday, Nov. 11th. Saturday, Nov. 12th. Sunday, Nov. 13th. Monday, Nov. 14th. and soldiers pray for these.

B. M. Appointments.

COLLIER.—Watford, Nov. 9th. Stratford, Nov. 10th. London, Nov. 11th. Middlesbrough, Nov. 12th. Bradford, Nov. 13th. Liverpool, Nov. 14th. Wigan, Nov. 15th. Warrington, Nov. 16th. Wrexham, Nov. 17th. Wigan, Nov. 18th. Warrington, Nov. 19th. Liverpool, Nov. 20th. Middlesbrough, Nov. 21st. Newcastle, Nov. 22nd. Bradford, Nov. 23rd. Liverpool, Nov. 24th. Middlesbrough, Nov. 25th. Wigan, Nov. 26th. Warrington, Nov. 27th. Liverpool, Nov. 28th.

STAGERS.—Bash, Mont., Butte, Mont., Nov. 12, 13, 14; Nov. 15, 16, 17; Glendale, Mont., Nov. 18, 19, 20, 21; Nov. 22; Whitefish, Nov. 18, Nov. 25, 26, 27; Living-
ston, Nov. 28.

PERRY.—Freepoort, Nov. 18; Clark Harbor, Nov. 21; mouth, Nov. 21.

ANDREWS.—Aurora, Nov. 14; Laramie, Nov. 11; Newell, Nov. 12; Strand, Nov. 14; Nov. 15, 16, 17; Nov. 18; Midland, Nov. 19; Nov. 21; Gravenhurst, Nov. 23; Bracebridge, Nov. 24; Nov. 25; Huntsville, Nov.

SIMS.—Ottawa, Nov. 10, 11; Peterborough, Nov. 12; Pembroke, Nov. 14; Perth, mouth, Nov. 21.

THE WAR CRY.

(3)



HESPELER.—We are still on the winning side. Good meetings all day Sunday. ONE soul came to Jesus last night.—W. H. R. C.



MRS. J.
ANDERSON.

On 11th August, of Watford, L. M. has forty G. L. boxes out in her town.



OMEMEE.—Praise God, since just reported ONE soul has repented. We had Ensign Andrews with us on the 18th of Oct., and enjoyed his visit.—Reg. Cor.

MORRISBURG.—Thank God the war is still going on in Morrisburg. Good meetings all day Sunday. God came very near and blessed us.—Lieutenant Sleeth.

SELKIRK.—We are still on the war path. Crowds and collections keep up well. Praise God. The people of Selkirk are very kind, supplying all our needs.—C. R. Bussell.

BERLIN.—Staff Capt. Phillips and Capt. Liston were well received at the Army barracks yesterday. There was but a little time and before leaving had some prayer and the Lord blessed us wonderfully.—S. D., R. C.

DIGBY, N. S.—We paid a visit to Sgt. and Mrs. Adams, at Bay View. Had a good ten and before leaving had some prayer and the Lord blessed us wonderfully.—J. S. Flaws, Lieut.

LISBON.—Capt. Weston have arrived and our new officers have arrived. We believe that God still lives and is able to give us victory.—Edna B. Bradley.

VALLEY CITY.—Officers were away to Fargo this week to council. So far we have had good meetings. Our meetings all week have been well attended by God. ONE backslidden returning to God.—J. S. Flaws, Lieut.

GRAVENHURST.—The King of Glory has been with us all the week, and we have had good meetings. War Crys all sold out. Meeting in West Gravenhurst extra good.—F. T. Cor.

HALIFAX, I.—We find the Lord is with us and blessing us to do His will. Good meetings Sunday. ONE soul for the blessing and ONE for pardon. Hallelujah!—Treas. Coshin.

VIRDEN, Man.—We have welcomed our midist Capt. Elliott, whom we believe has come to do his best to lead us on to victory. "Trusting Jesus we shall win."—Years, W. McCue, Reg. Cor.

PORTEAU LA PRAIRIE.—We have been reinforced this week by Lieut. Kreiger from Red River Garrison, who has come to assist in building up God's Kingdom. ONE more soul this week, and more in pickle.—J. C. H.

MINOT, N. D.—Just home from the officers' councils at Fargo. Had a blessed time and am more than ever determined to fight hard and win precious souls for Jesus. We are delighted with the new War Cry. Feel proud of it.—G. Graham, Capt.

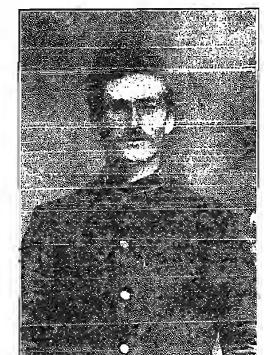
MISSOULA, Mont.—Beautiful weekend meetings. ONE backslidden repented. Hallelujah! Everybody is on the move. Book of Psalms, and test in both open-air and inside meetings. We are believing for greater things yet.—Alice Langill, Lieut.

LARIMORE, N. D.—Good meetings Saturday night and Sunday. Some went on account of their sins but would not yield. We had Revs. Estinson and Redner from Peterboro, who gave us a good lift. We have room for an officer when you can spare one.—Sect. Miller and wife.

HOULTON.—Ensign Perry was with us on Thursday night with his magic lantern. The service was entitled, "On the verge," and was much enjoyed by all who were present.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

FARGO, N. D.—Hallelujah for victory. Three souls for salvation. The officers and men have had real blessed times. The officers all speak highly of the kind treatment they received while here from the many friends who entertained them.—M. H. S., Reg. Cor.

CLINTON.—We are having victory over Capt. Keeler and Lieut. Copeman farewelled Sunday. They have been a great blessing here in Clinton. Adjutant and his wife have been through farewelled also best of all. TWO souls in the Fountain.—Ralph H. Bezzo, Sergt.-Major.



CAPTAIN GREEN
Buster of Yarmouth, N.S.

VANCOUVER, B. C.—Ensign Brumigan is leading on. Good times all week. One by one souls are being saved. Sinners deeply convicted. Friday night welcome to Capt. Meredith, late of Revelstoke, B. C. We are in for victory. We are the people.—Yours in the fight, Bro. J. Harris.

WINDSOR, Ont.—The Lord indeed came near and helped us on Sunday. A saved liquor dealer, from Detroit, showed. Some danced, some sang, some clapped their hands, and everybody got blessed, especially the brother who claimed victory over his sins.—Hallelujah! Captain.

OAKVILLE.—We have just had a visit from Bro. Ibbotson and family. Their music and singing was enjoyed by everyone. We had a good time on Sunday night, and had the largest income for some years. We trust that God may richly bless them wherever they go.—L. Pollett, for Capt. C. H.

LICHMOND ST. (Old No. 1).—Cadets Churchill and Edwards farewelled. Another day of victory. Four souls Sunday night, making four souls for the two weeks. Collections the best yet. Real live soldiers. Barracks repainted and papered. Opening next Sunday, the 29th, by Brigadiers Gaskin and Fugmire, and Mrs. Gaskin, Major and Mrs. Hargrave. Believing for something special.—Ensign Fletcher.

JANESTOWN, N. D.—Officers away to Fargo for council all week. Sgt. Major, Capt. and assisted by Sect. Miller. The meetings were had a good time. Capt. Mitchell and her Lieutenant here for holiness meeting on Friday night, enjoyed their visit very much. Good weekend meetings. FOUR souls for cleansing Sunday morning.—Trifloria.

LARIMORE, N. D.—Glory to God, the officers have returned from counsels with Ensign Cumming. Beautiful meetings. The Friday evening gave a Graphophone Service, which was greatly enjoyed by all. On Saturday lantern

service, entitled, "The daughter of a King." It is grand, beyond description. God bless these efforts. On Sunday four soldiers from Grand Forks were present. At night the poor harvest souls held up their hands for prayer. Let us pray and believe for their salvation.—C. De Haven, Sergt.

BLENHEIM.—Good crowd yesterday. We have raised our War Cry order to 100, and there is a general improvement all round, not forgetting the dear old Cry. A new foundation has been put under the buckskin, and we expect to be in better shape to fight the battles of darkness. Capt. Hoddinott, the mighty man of sermons, will make it hot for the devil and all his train.—Ina Groom.

SUDBURY.—Two regiments enrolled this week. Local officers lead meetings this week during absence of Adjutant and Lieutenant. The Oct. 29th issue of the War Cry just to hand. The soldiers are progressing well. We have some here as the best yet!—The Field Commissioner, with her password Courage, cannot fail to inspire the hearts of her soldiers throughout the Territory.—N. R. Trickey, J. S. S. M.

ESSEX.—Sunday night we closed our meeting at half past eleven with ONE soul to the Fountain—being a young man who had for some time held himself in his heart against some over whom he had ruled, and done him a great injury. Although he had been out at different times before, yet never got victory, but on Sunday night he made a full surrender. After leaving the meeting went to the person convicted (and said it had been nearly o'clock night) and asked for forgiveness. Hallelujah! God is able and will save to the uttermost. If we will only surrender our all.—Yours praying and believing for victory, J. C. Capt.



CADET J. ADAMS,
War Cry Banner, of Rat Portage.

LETHBRIDGE.—We have just welcomed Lieut. Burleson from Moose Jaw. Had good meetings all day Sunday. TWO souls at night. The soldiers were so happy they had to dance. Seven out for a blessing in soldiers' meeting. Our crowds are splendid. Hail indeed. Sunday night War Crys sold. Fire a volley for the N. W. W. corps.—Pansy.

CARLETON, N. D.—Praise is due to Sect. Mrs. Olive for the way she has so nobly helped us since we came to Carleton. During two months she collected over \$37. A few weeks ago she was commissioned War Cry Sergt. The last week she was here she has been in the 1st grade—last week she sold 70. She is a hustler. It is quite hard at present here, still we believe for victory. Two souls since we came.—G. M. Allen, Capt., E. L. Selle, Lieut.

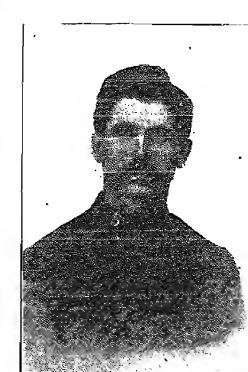
VICTORIA.—Our officers have been to Spokan for the counsels, yet the meetings went with a swing. Saturday night the band led. Sunday, Adj. Capt. Peterboro, Bro. Peterboro and Bro. Jackson—those did beautiful. Tuesday soldiers' meeting, led by Adj. Barr-

a good spiritual time. Wednesdays, Sister meeting, led by Sister Crogo and Sister Townsend, both are good leaders and singers. It could not help being a success. Thursday night the Brothers' meeting—oh how it did rain, yet they did their best. God bless them. Friday night, holiness meeting, led by Sister Mortimer. Saturday, welcome home to Adjt. and Mrs. Ayre, finishing up with a Pound Meeting.—M. L.

LINDSAY.—Our corps has just been visited by Ensign Andrews, the G. B. M. Legion. He gave us some very interesting, as well as instructive, lantern views; the subject was, "A daughter of Ishmael." On Sunday the officers said good-bye, after about four months' hard fighting.—A. Moore, S. M.

MONTREAL II.—Ensign Ward and Lieut. Tracy have farewelled. Eight and a half months ago Capt. Ward took charge of this corps, and right through it has been a time of continual victories, we have won many souls and several new soldiers are on the platform. The holiness meetings have been the means in God's hand of uplifting and strengthening the corps. Sunday morning one soul was saved. The meetings were held in the open air and always in the open air. The meetings are now held in the good Army Hall; but at night was the crowning time. THREE souls came to God and got saved. One got so free that he jumped on the platform and on the chair, then he struck the drum and beat it around the platform. There was a regular old-time dance, and we finished up at eleven o'clock, with "Crown Him Lord of all."—G. W. H. C.

WINGHAM.—We had a banquet on Thursday. The tables were well set with good food, mostly given by kind friends. Those who were there were well satisfied. At night there was a good crowd, both in the open-air and in the hall cracks. The meeting had previously been announced to be an "Oh-ho-Joyful" time, and so it came to pass. Ian, Capt. McCutcheon, Lieut. Baldwin, and Bro. Plant, from Listowel, made it quite lively. Capt. McCutcheon was chairman. Our singing band did splendidly, led on by Bandmaster Cawton, formerly of Wingham. The Bandmaster is a good musician and is always willing to do anything for the glory of God. He sang an original song one of his own composition, composed especially for the occasion. The chorus went with a swing. Bro. Simon, the Editor of the Journal, sang a good solo, accompanied by his guitar. Lieut. Holmgren sang, "You may yet see better days," soldiers and friends testified to the saving and keeping power of God. Our worthy chairman sang his favorite. Is not this the land of dethorn? Lieut. Baldwin read a few verses from the 46th Psalm.—Ensign W. Orchard.



LIEUT. C. POLLETT,
Random Island, N.D.

GLEANINGS FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

Spokane Rescue Work.

From a very touching letter addressed to Mrs. Read, by Adj't. Langtry, we extract the following:

"You will be pleased to hear that we are getting on well in the Home, which is more than full yet, and our turn will come when we are in need and sorrow. The most of the cases are so pitiable. One woman with three small children had to run away from a drunken husband; she came near being murdered. I took her in, and a few days afterwards found work for her. She came to us again, penniless, and gave for the keep of her children in the Home. And so for many I have been able to find work during the last few days. We have been y—one in the Home, big and little. . . ."

The Offense of the Cross.

"Wherein consists that offence? Not only in this, that it demands the renunciation of self-righteousness as merit, of the world as an idol of worldly wisdom as my pride, personal attainment as my glory. . . . The offense is to the natural and carnal heart most of all offence, because it teaches me that self must be crucified, that I must give without hoping to get, and lose my life to save my life, to love where I am hated, and to set myself above all men, even with setting with the scourge and the thorns the wagging head and the scoffing tongue, the mocking and the spitting—in a word, the cross instead of the crown."—Pierson.

A Lieutenant's Anecdote.

Enters a smiling, blond Lieutenant, with the flush of youth on his cheek. "I have an anecdote to tell you."

"Yes, go ahead."

"A certain young man who had undergone a surgical operation had his face bandaged, and that acc'dunt felt rather shy to go in condition to church. 'Oh, they won't mind my bandages' in the Salvation Army," he thought, and so to the Salvation Army, and, after wonderfully bleating that he had kept him testifying ev'ry slice."

True Possessions.

The following may doubtless be known to some of our readers, still it is well worth repeating and singularly appropriate for meditation for preparation for the coming Self-Denial Week:

Over an old stone carving of the prostrate form of a well-known philosopher in Rome, the following inscription is cut on the solid wall:

"We have spent a hundred years saving a life,
What I saved I lost,
What I gave I have."

Newfoundland Harvest Festival.

"Eventually we have proved that there is such a thing as victory through defeat. During the past two years we were not able to hit the Provincial Target, but there is an old saying that the third time beats all, and so we have proved it, for we have got nearly \$900 over past year. The year thought of this ought to drive away every doubt, and convince all that when we make up our minds to do it, we can wrest success from the hand of failure."—Ocean Wave.

Colonel Musa Ehal.

Many of our readers will have blessed and pleasant memories of the Colonel and Major Musa Ehal, who visited our country several years ago in company with some of our Indian comrades. We are pleased to print here the Colonel's testimony, as it was given by him recently in an interview with a representative of our London *W.M.F.* Cry.

"Thirsty, thirsty for God! I love Jesus with all my heart. My ideal is still the same—more sacrifice for Him who was sacrificed for me. I am every day more and more convinced that the only hope for the Oriental is the Holy Ghost. Education is good, but is good for both are worthless for the task without the Holy Ghost. Souls are getting saved in India, but only in proportion as they are brought into contact with the Holy Ghost. I am more desperately in earnest than ever to get souls saved."

"My profession is a sham. I am always going to bed, but not now very much more must the heart of the Lord Jesus be pained by those who only offer Him lip service!"

SELF-DENIAL WEEK.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, to
SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26th.

What will YOU do to Help?

AN IRON PILLAR

Autobiography of Madame Guyon.

CHAPTER VII.



ABOUT nine months after my recovery from small pox Father LaCombe brought me a letter from Father de la Motte, recommending him to my esteem. I was loth to leave him, but the fear of offending prevailed. G'd had already made use of me for the conversion of three of his clerics. The strong desire he had of seeing me induced him to come to our country house.

He was opened for me to him.

As he was with my husband, who relished his company, he was taken ill, and retired to the garden. My husband bade me see what was the matter with him. He told me he had remarked in my countenance a deep sense of God, and given me a strong desire of seeing me again.

God assisted me to open to him the inward path of the soul, and conveyed so much grace to him through this poor channel, that he went away changed into quite another man.

He had a desire to see everything that was spoiled or broken.

At first I told the truth, and said it was not I. They persisted, and accused me of lying. I then made no reply. I told all their tales to such as came to the house. But when I was afterwards alone with the same persons, I never mentioned them. My husband's habitation in the tract gave him a sense of his own innocence which they thought well or ill of me; excluding all the world, all opinions of censures, and including nothing but the friendship of God.

GOD KNOWS HOW TO RENDER THE CROSSES CONFORMABLE TO THE ABILITY OF THE CREATURE TO BEAR THEM: giving them always something new and unexpected.

In acts of charity I was as dubious. So great was my tenderness for the poor, that I wished to supply al that wants. I could not see their necessity, without reproaching myself for the plenty I enjoyed. I deprived myself of all I could

shops. My heart was much opened towards my fellow-citizens in distress, and few would give, much less than our Lord enabled me to do, both while married and alone.

I obtained leave to go to Paris for the cure of my eye; yet much more through the desire to see Monsieur Berot, a man of profound experience. Mother Granger, however, would not give me money for my passage. I went to take leave of my father, who embraced me with peculiar tenderness. Little thinking it would be the last adieu.

Paris was a place no longer to be dreading. The throngs only served to draw me into a deep recollection, and the noise of the streets but augmented my pain.

HOW MANY THINK THEIR OWN WILLS QUITE LOSS, WHILE THEY ARE YET FAR FROM IT! They would find they will subside, if they meet with several trials. Who is there who does not wish to have for his self, either of interest, wealth, honor, pleasure, convenience or liberty? And he who thinks his mind loose from all these subjects, because he possesses them, might soon perceive his attachment to them, were he stillp'd. If there are found in a whole age three persons desirous to do everything, as to be most religious, Providence will, but any exception, they may well pass for prodigals of grace.

One day I awoke at four in the morning, with a strong impression that my father was dead; and though my soul was in great contentment, yet my love for him remained with me, and my body with weakness.

In the afternoon I was with the abbot. I told her I had strong presentiments of my father's death. Presently one came from my husband to inform me my father was ill. I said, "He is dead, I have no doubt about it." I said to her, "Immediately, I hire a coach to go to the sooner; mine waits for me at the midway.

I was obliged, about midnight, to cross a forest, notorious for murders and robberies. The most inrepid dreaded it; but my resignation left me scarce any room to think about it. Oh, what fears and unceasness does a grieved soul spare itself!

I found on my arrival, that my

you are praying to our J.-sus," and dropping on her knees, would begin to pray too. She was innocent, modest, gentle, endearing and beautiful. Her father doted on her, and to me she was dear more for the qualities of her mind than her beautiful person. She was my consolation; for she had much affection for me, as her brother had aversion. She died of an unseasonable bleeding.

What remained to me only, the sun of my sorrows, he fell ill to the point of death, but was restored at the prayer of Mother Granger, now my only consolation after God. I did not weep for my child than for my father. Both died in July, 1872. From henceforth we were only the three of us; I have since passed through a pursuit to a marriage contract which I had lately entered into with Christ. In this spiritual marriage, I claimed for my dowry only crosses, scourges, persecutions, ignominy, lowliness, and nothingness of self, which in His great goodness, and for wise ends, He has been pleased to grant me.

(To be continued.)

"OUR WORK FOR THE POOR PRESENTS, IN THE NINETEENTH CENTURY, AN OBJECT LESSON OF THE TEACHING OF CHRIST IN THE FIRST. IT IS, AS WAS SAID BY ONE OF THE ABLEST OF CRITICS WHO HAVE CONSIDERED IT, 'A WINDOW ON TO EARTH THROUGH WHICH THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS SHINING.' HELP US."—The Chief-of-the-Staff.

POWER.

"Even me, Lord, even in, Lord,
Let Thy Power d.e.s.e.d. o me."

That song was running through my mind and soul until I felt the fountain of God's blessing was open upon me. Thoughts of this kind came to me: Is it does not matter what kind of people we are, what talents we possess, or what capabilities we have; we may all prove the reality of that d.e.s.e.d. chorus, "Even me, Lord, even me, Lord, let Thy power descend on me." Others may rush into the world in the way of ambition, and we may feel a consciousness of it, that everything we seem to do we fall in (or the devil may make us believe that), but to be filled with the Spirit of God is worth more than all the talents we could possess. And the ability to speak well, make a meeting go, to be able to speak beautifully, to play an instrument, are good, but there is none of the things which can take the place of the Spirit-filled life. Oh, for more of it. Thank God the fires of persecution, or the harassing of perplexing difficulties, or the thousand and one ways that devil may have to tempt you, took you prevent this timid baseness of God to go through your yea-ving. Then, who can estimate the value of it? or how dare we as followers of God be without it? It equips us for our work in dealing with men and women for eternity, and keeps the founts of our spiritual dryings open, that the most ignorant people may faith in all the do (which is right and beautiful), and do the meetings we go through; and do you, my comrades, lay yourself out before God, and let Him satiate you very being through and through? Or, have you never as yet had the power from on high? and then you do not know until God has come to you like a mighty rushing wind, and you can sing, "Even me, Lord, even me, Lord, now Thy power descends on me." I tell you, one meeting you eat with theunction of the Holy One resting upon you will accomplish more for God and souls than hundreds of meetings you may well have in the meeting coming to the plenteous form, but your work will "last." G'd says, "In the last days I will pour out My Spirit upon all flesh." He wills to pour it out upon you now. F. G. B.

APPOINTMENTS

OF

THE FIELD COMMISSIONER

Ontario Ladies' College, Whitby Friday, November 4th.
Buffalo, N.Y. Sunday and Monday, November 20th and 21st.
Halifax, N.S. Tuesday, November 29th.
Truro, N.S. Thursday, December 1st.
Montreal Sunday, December 4th.

For Particulars see Announcements in Local Papers.

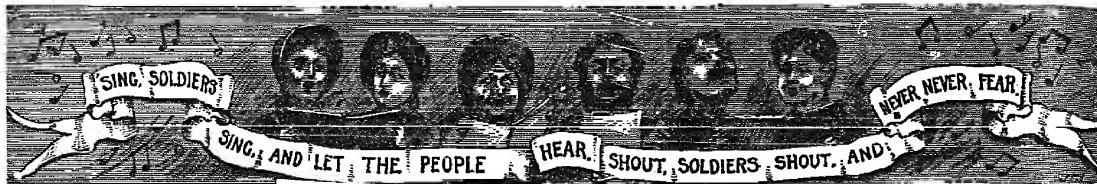
father was already buried, on account of the extreme heat. As I was weak, not having taken any nourishment, I was put to bed.

About two in the morning my husband got up, and having gone out of my chamber, returned presently, crying out, "My daughter is dead!" She was my only daughter, dearly beloved, truly lovely. She had many graces both of body and mind, and had always been insensible not to have loved her. She had an extraordinary love to God. Often she was found in corners at prayer. As soon as she preceeded me at prayer, she came and joined; and when she discovered I had been without her she would cry, "Mamma, you cry." "Oh, mamma, you pray, but I don't." When we were alone and she saw my eyes closed, she'd whisper, "Are you asleep?" and then cry out, "Ah, no,

the venerable Father Lewall once entered a missionary meeting just as the collectors were taking their hats. The chairman of the meeting requested him to pray. The old gentleman stood silent, and in response, repeated louder, "Still no response; but the aged man felt in his pocket, took out some money, and put it in the contribution box.

The Chairman, thinking he had not understood, said loudly, "I didn't ask you to give, I asked you to pray."

"Oh, yes," was the reply, "I heard, but I couldn't pray till I had given something."



Tunes.—Eaton (B.J. 167); Euphony (B.J. 128); Sovereignty (B.J. 229); Stella (B.J. 25).

1 Give me the faith that can remove
And sin the mountains to a
plain;
Give me the childlike, praying love
That longs to build Thy home again.
Thy love, let it my heart o'erpower,
And all my simple soul devour.

I would the precious time redeem,
And longer live for this alone;
To spend and to be spent for them
We have not yet in Saviour's own
And far beneath a saving God,
And quench the brands in Jesus's blood.

My talents, gifts and graces, Lord,
Into Thy blessed hands receive;
And let me live to preach Thy word,
And let me to Thy glory live.
My every sacred moment spend,
In publishing the sinner's Friend.

My Shepherd

Tune.—Thou Shepherd of Israel (B.J. 170; S.M. 1, 105, ss).

2 Thou Shepherd of Israel, and mine
The joy and desire of my heart,
For closer communion I pine.
I long to abide where Thou art,
The pasture I languish to find,
Where all who their Shepherd obey
Are fed on Thy balm regale.
And screened from the heat of a
day.

Ab I show me that happiest place,
The place of Thy people's abode;
Where saints in an ecstasy gaze,
And hang on a craggy God.
The love for a sinner declare,
The passion and death on the tree;
My spirit to Calvary bear,
To suffer and triumph with Thee.

Tis there with the lambs of Thy flock,
There only I covet to stay;
To the fold of the Rock.
One rises to bid in Thy breast,
Tis there I would always abide,
And never a moment depart;
Concealed in the折 of Thy side,
Eternally held in Thy heart.

Since Jesus Came to Stay.

3 Come, listen unto me,
And a story I will tell;
How Jesus came to the Son of God
Came in my heart to dwell.
For by His mighty power,
He's taken my sins away;
And I have a life that's filled with joy.
Since Jesus came to stay.

Chorus.

Oh, oh, what a happy day,
When Jesus came to stay;
For though my sins were crimson red,
He's taken them right away.

Before my Saviour came
I was always getting down;
The least thing put my temper out,
And trifles made me frown.
But the devil has cleared right out,
And taken his traps away;
And I have a joy without alloy,
Since Jesus came to stay.

Since Jesus came to stay
The devil has lost his grip;
I'll sail no more on my sinking barque.
I'll never be a drowning ship.
She's rigged in splendid style,
In the true salvation way.
And folks aboard are singing all
the time.
Since Jesus came to stay.

Chorus.
Come to Jesus sinner, take Him as
your Saviour.
He will fail you never; oh, let the
Saviour in.

For the Saviour now is waiting,
Waiting now to save your soul;
He will pardon and forgive you,
Wash you, cleanse and make you
whole.
He will cleanse you. He will keep you.
If you only trust in Him,
Come just now and He will save you.
Come and let the Saviour in.

Mrs. R. C. Goodchild.

They are Coming Home to Jesus.

6 They are coming to the Saviour,
They are turning from the
wrong,
They are bringing hearts and souls
By sin entwined;
Oh, the angels bring o'er us, bear
the news along in song,
They are coming home to Jesus to
be saved.

They are coming home to Jesus to be
saved.
They are coming home to Jesus to be
saved.
They are coming home.
They are coming home.
They are coming home to be saved.

Sinner, He prays for you and me;
'Forgive them, Father, oh, forgive!
They know not that by Me they live.'

Thou loving, all-atonning Lamb,
Thou, by Thy painful agony,
Thy bloody sweat, Thy grief and
shame,
Thy cross and passion on the tree,
Thy priceless death and life.—I pray,
Take all, take all my sins away.

Oh, let me kiss Thy bleeding feet,
And bathe and wash them with my
tears.
The story of Thy love repeat
In every drooping sinner's ears,
That all may hear the quickening
sound,
Since I, even I, have mercy found.



The Territorial Secretary.

Lieut.-Colonel Margetts

Will visit the following places in the

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE:

WINNIPEG. Saturday to Wednesday,
Nov. 5 to 9.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE. Thurs., Nov.

10.

CARIBERRY Friday, November 11.

BRANDON, Sat. and Sun., Nov. 12, 13.

REGINA, Monday, November 14.

CALGARY, Wednesday, November 16.

VANCOUVER, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Nov. 19, 20, 21.

NEW WESTMINSTER. Tues., Nov.

22.

VICTORIA. Wed. and Thur., Nov. 23.

SPOKANE, Sun., Mon. and Tues., Nov.

27, 28, 29.

NEILSON, Wed., Nov. 30.

MISSOULA, Fri., Dec. 2.

BUTTE, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Dec. 3,

4, 5.

HELENA, Tues. and Wed., Dec. 6, 7.

LIVINGSTON, Thurs., Dec. 8.

BILLINGS, Fri., Dec. 9.

JAMESTOWN, Sun. and Mon., Dec.

11, 12.

GRAND FORKS, Tues., Dec. 13.

FARGO, Wed., Dec. 14.

MRS. BRIGADIER READ,

Women's Social Secretary,

will visit

Hamilton, Nov. 19. (Farewell and in-
stallation of Rescue Home Maroons.)

Ploton, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Nov. 12,

13, 14.

Ottawa, Sat., Sun. and Mon., Dec. 13,

11, 12.

St. Albans, Wed., Dec. 14.

Burlington, Thurs., Dec. 15.

Barrie, Fri., Dec. 16.

Montreal, Sat., Sun., Mon. and Tues.

Dec. 17, 18, 19, 20. (Opening of new

Women's Shelter.)

EASTERN PROVINCE.

Brigadier Pugmire's Proposed Tour

Yarmouth, Saturday and Sunday, Nov.

12th and 13th.

Windsor, Monday, Nov. 14th. (Officers

and Soldiers' Councils.)

Halifax 1. Tu sday, Nov. 15th. (Officers

and Soldiers' Councils.)

Spryfield 2. Wed., Nov. 16th. (Officers

and Soldiers' Councils.)

Moncton, Thurday, Nov. 17th. (Officers

and Soldiers' Councils.)

Newcastle, Friday, Nov. 18th. (Officers

and Soldiers' Councils.)

The WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the

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16 Albert St., Toronto.

NEXT WEEK!

—SPECIAL—

SELF-DENIAL NUMBER

OF

THE WAR CRY.

YOU MUST GET A COPY!

Its Chief Feature will be . . .

“CHARITY,”

... An Article from the Masterly
Pen of THE FIELD COMMISSIONER, Illustrated by
a large reproduction of a Famous Painting.

For the Lord Jesus Christ is the pilot
on board,

And He knows the river quite well;
And there never was a snag or a sand-
bank there,

Or which the blessed Lord couldn't
tell.

When He's up there at the wheel, you
can always safely feel

There will never be the devil to pay;
Get your baggage on the deck;

Don't forget to get your check,
For you can't stand aboard and hide
away.

Solo.

Tunes.—Sliver threads (B.J. 19); In
the gloaming; Let me love Thee,
Saviour (B.J. 18).

5 Christ has died on Calvary,

Died to save you from your sin,

Died that you might be forgiven,

Died that you might heaven win.

For He loved you much more precious,

That He came and died for you.

Oh, come to Him, love and serve Him,

For He has done so much for you.

Salvation.

Tune.—Sovereignty (B. B. 21; S. M.
I., 493).

7 Would Jesus have the sinner die?

Why hangs He then on yonder
tree?

What means that strange, expiring

cry?